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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGA

FEBRUARY 2006

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contents

Feb06

ON THE COVER

2006 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Cassia Riley

PICTORIALS

50 VIRGIN TERRITORY

84 FAST LANE
Pet of the Month
Charlie Laine

105 PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

128 SITTING PRETTY

FULL FRONTAL

10 BLOODLUST
Underworld: Evolution's Selene vs. *BloodRayne*'s Rayne

12 FLICKS
Grandma's Boy star Allen Covert

14 DVDS
Best new releases

16 SOUNDS
Hoobastank frontman Doug Robb

22 JOYSTICK
Adult Arcade: the ultimate guide to sex video games

28 SIRENS
Fefe Dobson

FEATURES

30 LOCKER ROOM
NBA All-Star Brad Miller
Interview by Dave Hollander

32 DRINKSMANSHIP
The Great American Beer Festival. By Eric Danville

36 GAMETIME
Unique names in sports, Bode Miller, and more. By John Bolster

40 TOTAL TRAVEL
By Rudy Maxa

42 VICES & VANITIES
By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

44 SURF'S UP, WAY UP
Big-wave surfing. Article by Ben Marcus

58 RUSSIAN DOLLS
The sexy ladies of t.A.T.u.
Interview by Rebecca Swanner

66 VALENTINE VICES
Victoria's special toys

74 GROOM AT THE TOP
Hands-on experience: Get oiled up and rubbed down! Service by Alyson Zamkoff

76 DOG DAYS
Iggy Pop. Interview by Chauncé Hayden

83 SEX DIARY
"Brits & Ass." By Laura Leu

100 DRIVING FORCE
The ultimate Corvette. By Jim McCraw

122 THE PANTS GIRL
Fiction by Rachel Kramer Bussel

136 HER DEEPEST DESIRES
The gifts your girl craves.
Service by Linda Giustino

142 STAND-UP GUYS
Stephen Lynch
Interview by Bill Schulz

DEPARTMENTS

6 FORUM
63 DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
71 MEN'S HEALTH AND FITNESS
97 GIRL TALK
98 FREEWHEELERS
118 TECHNOMANIA
126 CELEBRITY NUDES
140 PENTHOUSE BOOK EXCERPT
144 MILITARY AFFAIRS
146 ON THE DESK
148 RECOVERING FRAT BOY
150 PENTHOUSE CLUBS
152 X-RATED VIDEO
154 PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD

Office Mates

A few months ago I went out to dinner with some coworkers. After dinner and some drinks, we were all feeling pretty good and relaxed. That's when Karen came over and sat on my lap. We are a close-knit group at work, so this wasn't unusual. What *was* unusual was how she squirmed around on my lap trying to get comfortable. But it sure felt good when she ground her round ass against my growing erection.

When everyone else decided to call it a night, Karen and I went on to another bar for more drinks. At one point during our conversation, she said that in her college days, she'd done some wild things, including two three-ways. I wasn't too shocked. I always figured she was a horny little thing. When I teased her about being into kinky sex, she stuck her bare foot in my lap. Then she began to massage my rapidly growing shaft under the table. When we finished our drinks, it was still early. Karen asked me what was next. I left it up to her.

Karen got into her car and told me to follow her in mine. I realized that she was leading me back to the office. We told security we were working late. As soon as we were in my office, I locked the door behind us. After that, all hell broke loose. We started making out and pulling off each other's clothes. She pushed me back into my chair and started to give me some incredible head. Karen was on her knees, pumping my cock with her right hand, massaging my balls with her left, and working some oral magic around the head. Now and then she'd stop pumping and take me as deep into her throat as she could. Damn, she could really suck cock!

I pushed her back onto the desk and went down on her. God, she tasted so sweet. I licked her from top to bottom, sucked on her clit, stuck my tongue inside her as far as I could, and still couldn't get enough. I could have kept it up for hours, but Karen wanted me inside her and pulled me up into position. She was so wet, I slid right in to the hilt. I started pumping away, and Karen lifted her hips to meet my thrusts.

We kept up this hard fucking for a while. Then she got down on her hands and knees so I could enter her from behind. I was really giving it to her good when she screamed out that she was coming. I could feel Karen's contractions as she flooded my cock with her juices, but managed to hold back my own orgasm. I pulled out, rolled Karen over, and began licking from her slit all the way up to her little lovebud, and back again. Then, pulling her down on top of me, I told her to fuck my face. She grabbed my head as she straddled me and proceeded to hump away. She started moaning and squirming, and when she came a second time, she drenched my face with her gooey sweetness.

Karen wanted me to take her from behind again, so she got on her hands and knees. But this time I stood, pulled her up by the hips, and gave her some long, deep thrusts. This was the best yet. She let out a guttural moan and said she was coming. When I told Karen I couldn't hold back any longer, she pulled away and turned around to grab my cock. She started sucking on it like a woman possessed until I exploded. What she didn't swallow, she let dribble down her chin—an intensely sexy sight.

Karen and I fucked for what seemed like hours. Our clothes were strewn all over my office, and if anyone had come in, we would have been in a lot of trouble. By the time we finished, it was early Saturday morning. We cleaned up the best we could and went home.

Although Karen feels a little weird about everything since we still work together, I know it's just a matter of time before our libidos get the best of us. When she's ready, I'll be ready. For now, I have those hot memories to keep me going.—*K.M., Massachusetts*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

"When I teased her about being into kinky sex, she stuck her bare foot in my lap. Then she began to massage my rapidly growing shaft under the table."

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FULL FRONTAL

Exposing the World of Entertainment

BloodLust

February's the month for red: roses, candy hearts, and **bloody vampire flicks.** We pit *Underworld: Evolution*'s **Selene** and *BloodRayne*'s **Rayne** against each other in a **battle of sex** and stakes through the heart.

UNDERWORLD: EVOLUTION	VS	BLOODRAYNE
Kate Beckinsale, Scott Speedman, Bill Nighy Director: Len Wiseman January 20		Kristanna Loken, Michael Madsen, Michelle Rodriguez, Ben Kingsley Director: Uwe Boll January 6
When we first saw vampire warrior Selene (Kate Beckinsale), she was busy destroying werewolves and challenging her kin. This time around, Selene and her lycanthropic lover Michael (Scott Speedman) begin to discover the connected history of the two immortal races.		In this prequel story to the popular video game, a feisty Rayne (Kristanna Loken) is out to exact revenge on her low-life vampire father, Kagan (Ben Kingsley), who raped and abandoned her mother, leaving the "dhampir" (half-vampire/half-human) Rayne to fend for herself.

DRESSED TO KILL

Selene's tight leather-and-latex bodysuit is sexy. We understand it's cold in Eastern Europe, but we wish she wasn't covered up quite so much.

Since the film takes place before the invention of spandex, she wears a skimpy leather number that's both flexible and form-fitting.

Advantage: Rayne

DEAD SEXY

Michael will be on the receiving end of some vamp love in a scene that involves the removal of her leather garb. We assume they do it doggie-style.

Rayne's bisexual tendencies and her sex scene with Sebastian (Matt Davis) are hot as hell. But Meat Loaf seducing real Romanian prostitutes? Not so much.

Advantage: Selene

ARMED TO THE TEETH

Outfitted with fangs, pistols, throwing stars, and a crossbow, she has plenty of backup to handle her furry foes.

She's armed with a pair of razor-sharp blades that are as big as swords, but her chiseled canines work just as well in a pinch.

Advantage: Selene

ACRO-BATS

Selene always manages to land on her feet, no matter how big the leap or complicated the jump.

Though she's a pro in horseback riding across the countryside, she's also skilled in martial arts and other impressive-looking flippy maneuvers.

Tie

VIOLENT TENDENCIES

Known for the brutal treatment of her enemies, Selene is likely to annihilate hordes of werewolves at a time with her deadly crossbow.

Rayne snacks on a handful of innocent bystanders, but for the most part, she's focused on slaughtering her father's army.

Advantage: Selene

Winner ***Underworld: Evolution.*** Though both feature sexy, strong, immortal women, Selene's intensity and mercilessness make her the vamp champ.

FEATURE PRESENTATION

Gilmore Guy

Allen Covert has done a day's work on almost every Adam Sandler film. He's been a homeless caddy, a rhinestone-gloved limo driver, and a bald, overweight roommate. In *Grandma's Boy* (out January 6), Sandler's college buddy finally gets to be the dignified leading man—even though he's a video-game tester who lives with his Nana.

Is your grandmother happy for the shout-out?
She's just happy because I have a girlfriend right now. She's like, "Yay! Maybe I won't die before you get married."

There are a ton of cameos in this flick: Kevin Nealon, David Spade, Rob Schneider ...
I call this the "Covert Is Calling in Every Favor" movie. Behind the scenes, I was calling everyone I know and going, "Hey, it's only five weeks—you're going to come and work for nothing."

In the movie, your weed dealer has an attack chimp. Does *ape* always equal *funny*?
Anything with a monkey, I automatically laugh. We actually had a wardrobe fitting for the monkey. The minute I saw him in the karate suit, I'm like, "I don't care if I'm on the poster as long as that is, because that is one of the greatest things I've ever seen in my life."

Speaking of greatness, you smoke an unholy amount of weed in this movie.
Let me tell you, we smoked the grossest fake [pot]. I don't even know what it was, but it looked like pot. There's this scene where I put too much in, and I couldn't clear it. I literally did three takes in a row, and I'm like, "I can't finish this!" Everyone kept saying, "You have to finish it! You're the weed guy!" I would go home at night and my lungs would be burning. Especially [after] those big joints we were smoking.

The game your character creates is soon to be a hot Xbox 360 title, *Demonik*. How'd that happen?
We didn't have any money to create our own game. I said, "Why don't we just send the script to a bunch of game companies and ask them if they'd let us use some footage?" Majesco called immediately. We were working off a beta version because the game wasn't ready for the Xbox 360.

Did you become an expert gamer for the role?
The movie made it seem like I was the greatest game player there is. I'm going to have all these 14-year-olds challenging me to games, and I'm going to have to be like, "Look ... I suck at *Halo*." I'm more of a *Zelda* guy.

Where did the fake games in the film come from?
We sat there one day making up games. We decided that every game would just be brutally violent. Like *Canada Must Die*. We made the poster, and it's just some Canadian guy with his hands up, surrendering as everything is getting blown away. There's one poster of a game called *Unicorn Derby*. It's literally these unicorns gouging each other with their horns.

How would you rate yourself as a gamer, with one being a casual geek and ten being a Sith Lord?
I'm about a seven. I'm a total dork. My guilty pleasure is *Super Mario Bros.*

SNEAK PREVIEW

Unlike beer, cars, or fast food, the gory video game *Demonik* that's featured in *Grandma's Boy* is one product placement that actually entices us.

Demonik is poised to be the first big hit for **Xbox 360**. Unfortunately, you'll have to wait until this fall to play it. Written by master of horror Clive Barker (*Hellraiser*) and developed by John Woo's production company, *Demonik* lets you play—as the name suggests—a demon! To walk on mortal ground, you have to wait until you're summoned by a vengeful human, until finally you're a permanent resident. If starting plagues, sending swarms of insects hurling toward your enemies, and causing hellfire to rain down doesn't appeal to you, maybe you should play *Pokémon* instead.

Tasty tidbit: Don't be surprised if *Demonik* makes a second on-screen appearance in the near future behind Woo's directing lens.—*Rebecca Swanner*

THE ZEN CRITIC

Movie Haiku

Reviews often **suck**
Japanese poetry seems
Much more erudite
—Kara Wahlgren

DATE MOVIE (February 10)
Alyson Hannigan, Fred Willard, Jennifer Coolidge
Director Aaron Seltzer

Like *Scary Movie*
Except with Meg Ryan flicks
And that band-camp chick.

ANNAPOLIS
(January 27)
James Franco,
Tyrese Gibson
Director Justin Lin

Navy wannabe
Gets into Academy,
Has low self-esteem.

THE NEW WORLD
(January 13)
Colin Farrell,
Christian Bale
Director Terrence Malick

Explorer John Smith
Romances Pocahontas.
She's 15, pervert!

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE
(January 13)
James Franco,
Sophia Myles
Director Kevin Reynolds

Knight falls for princess,
But unknowingly becomes
His dad's wingman. Oops.

FREEDOMLAND
(January 13)
Samuel L. Jackson,
Julianne Moore
Director Joe Roth

Moore's son disappears.
Racial tension ensues, but
Jackson saves the day!

NEW RELEASES

Messiah Manson

Puppet theater: John Roecker (above, left) has written and directed one of the most original films you'll ever see, with songs by Rancid's Tim Armstrong (above, right).

» Imagine the definitive Charles Manson book, *Helter Skelter,* reinterpreted in the year 3069 as a biblical tome, with Manson (voiced by Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong) as the Messiah. Now imagine it in stop-motion animation, with songs penned by Rancid lead singer Tim Armstrong and performed by Billie Joe and the Go-Go's Jane Wiedlin. ***Live Freaky! Die Freaky!*** ($30 for DVD/CD combo) is even more bizarre than what you're picturing. Additional voices are by Asia Argento, Benji and Joel Madden of Good Charlotte, and other members of Green Day, Rancid, and Blink 182.

Do the Hustle

If critics have their way, Terrence Howard's performance as a pimp/aspiring rapper in ***Hustle & Flow*** ($30) is about to make him an Oscar nominee. And since nobody *but* critics saw it, here's your chance for redemption. It includes commentary from director/writer Craig Brewer and behind-the-scenes docs.

Fright or Flight

The thriller ***Red Eye*** ($30) lands with a making-of documentary, interviews with the cast and crew, a gag reel, and a documentary on director Wes Craven. There are also behind-the-scenes features, like how various planes were assembled to make the movie's 767.

Sonic Youth

The Tomorrow Show: Punk & New Wave ($30) features some of the most groundbreaking artists at the height of the punk era, including performances by and interviews with the Ramones, Elvis Costello & the Attractions, the Jam, Joan Jett, Patti Smith, and Iggy Pop. (Check out our interview with Iggy on page 76.)

Go West, Young Man

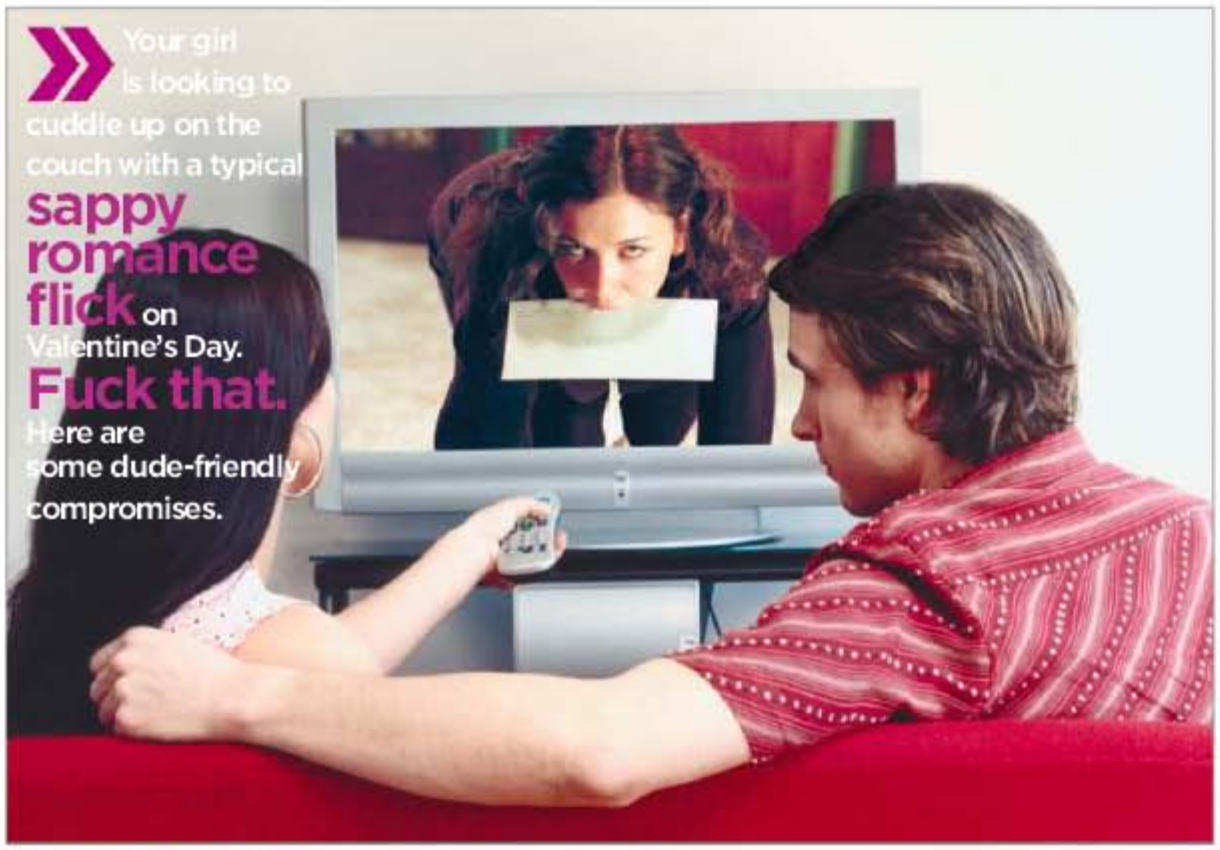
Sam Peckinpah's Legendary Westerns Collection ($60) boasts four of the director's best. The new two-disc ***Wild Bunch*** has three new documentaries, additional scenes, and outtakes. And there's ***Ride the High Country, The Ballad of Cable Hogue,*** and a two-disc special edition of ***Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid***.

The Joke's on You

The Aristocrats ($30), a celebration of the dirtiest joke of all time, arrives with a commentary track, two new jokes from the "Be an Aristocrat" amateur contest winners, and additional footage from the likes of Whoopi Goldberg, Jason Alexander, Lewis Black, Sarah Silverman, and porn star Ron Jeremy.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

VALENTINE'S VIDEOS



LOOKING FOR LOVE ...

No man should have to sit through *Titanic* more than once (Kate Winslet barely covered is barely a reason). Instead, see if your girlfriend can find some *"aww"* quality in ***Hellboy,*** the story of a love triangle between a mysterious firestarter, a demon spawn, and his keeper.

Other monster flicks, from ***Swamp Thing*** to ***Creature From the Black Lagoon,*** can also qualify as love stories. Those bad boys just needed a hug. And, occasionally, the taste of human flesh.

For a slightly warped tale of true love, try ***Grosse Pointe Blank***. Modern men all know there's wisdom in Lloyd Dobler, but John Cusack as Martin Blank wraps the romance in contract killing and black humor: the two pillars of any successful relationship.

LOOKING FOR LUST ...

You're not likely to get anywhere with the average girlfriend by touting the romantic nuances of porn. Not on Valentine's Day, anyway. As an alternative, we suggest the once-infamous ***Last Tango in Paris*** or the more contemporary ***9 ½ Weeks*** (perhaps ***Quills,*** for the advanced kink).

For something a bit newer, check out ***Swimming Pool***. This sexy thriller got rave reviews, which should help you plead your case, and the unrated version has full-frontal nudity that was excised for the theatrical release.

Secretary might seem like it's all about Maggie Gyllenhaal being spanked, but at its heart is the story of two lonely people who find satisfaction in a relationship that others can't understand. It may well be the most female-friendly master-and-slave coupling ever caught on film.

The unrated version of the Spanish flick ***Sex and Lucía,*** the tale of a writer whose fantasies about various relationships make him suicidal, provides some of the most explicit sex scenes in recent cinema. There are even a couple of erection shots, which is helpful if your girlfriend believes in equal-opportunity on-screen nude scenes.

LOOKING FOR SYMPATHY ...

If getting her emotional is what gets her between the sheets, there's always ***Dead Poets Society*** (a special-edition DVD with new bonus features hits store shelves this month), ***Brian's Song,*** or the sob-worthy ***Old Yeller***. Since these are three of the only films that a man can cry through without looking like a pussy, you can impress her with your sensitivity and not worry about what she's telling her friends.

QUICK PICKS

Hill Street Blues
The tough police drama that changed cop shows and paved the way for *NYPD Blue* finally makes it onto DVD. Season 1 ($40) includes all 17 "day-in-the-life-of-a-precinct" episodes, commentary tracks, deleted scenes, and a featurette.

The Time Tunnel
The release of the 1966 series about the government's time-travel program has been eagerly awaited by sci-fi fans. Volume 1 ($40) features 15 episodes, the original unaired pilot, and promos.

Ferris Bueller's Day Off
The new Bueller ... Bueller ... edition ($20) is as lame as learning about the Smoot-Hawley Tariff. We're hoping for some kind of reunion Save Ferris version in the future.

PSP UPDATE

These new UMD releases for the PSP will brighten even the most tedious commute:

Entourage Season 1 ($40)
Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle ($20)
Escape From New York ($20)
Underworld Extended Cut ($20)

Q&A

Hoobastank

Doug Robb, lead singer of Hoobastank, was put out of commission with a case of bronchial pneumonia while on tour with Velvet Revolver last year. Now, he's recovered and is back to writing songs about war, self-reflection, and "intimate times."

What is the difference between your new album and *The Reason*? I've been reading that it's more mature.
I hate when I hear that word *mature*. As people, I don't think we're any more mature. You don't want to do the same thing over and over and over. You gotta explore different things.

Such as?
How about how everybody has the capacity to lead their own life, whether it's your career or your relationships or your religious beliefs. I've always been a strong advocate of making up your own mind and not being influenced by outside forces. In light of politics and even entertainment, I feel like our society is becoming more sheepish.

You've never latched on to a movement?
I think everybody does. I'd be lying if [I said] I've never done anything without putting absolute thought [into it].

> **"There are these heartfelt and thought-provoking themes, [then] all of a sudden there's a song about fucking."**

Do you explore that on the new record?
There are so many songs on this record that stemmed straight from that. It sounds so cheese-ball, but you can accomplish pretty much anything you want to in this life if you just try.

Anything you've taken away from your time with Velvet Revolver?
Velvet Revolver.... Four of the five guys were the coolest, most down-to-earth guys ever. But one guy in that band was just in his own world.

Could that be Scott Weiland?
Yes. [*Laughs*] He didn't say "hi" until three weeks into the tour. I don't want to get into it because, honestly, it's not even worth my time. There are people like that, and then there are just normal people. So between that, watching the news and ESPN, and aspects of my own life, I ended up writing "If I Were You."

Sometimes the things we don't like in other people are what we don't like about ourselves.
True. When I wrote the song, I wasn't really thinking about myself until I read it about a month later [and thought], *You know, I do a lot of these things*.

Tell me about getting the drill sergeant in the studio.
It was Captain Dale Dye. The first guy we went to was [R. Lee Ermey] from *Full Metal Jacket*. We wanted him because he has such a recognizable voice. He's very pro-war—probably wears American flag pajamas, which is fine, but that's the antithesis of the song.

Did you ever want to join the military?
There was a part of me that was interested. I took the Armed Services Vocational test when I was a [high school] senior so I could get out of a couple of classes. I remember scoring so well that for the next five years, the Navy kept calling me.

Was it weird recording without bassist Markku Lappalainen?
At times it was really strange because we'd been working with him for a decade. But once I understood that we were going to do things a little differently, it went pretty smoothly and it was actually pretty enjoyable.

Are you still looking for his replacement?
We're playing with this guy Matt McKenzie who's a friend of our drummer's from a long time ago. Nothing's set in stone. He's not officially the new bass player or anything, but all summer we've been playing these shows and it's almost like a trial period.

Would he have to endure an initiation?
[*Laughs*] I don't think there'll be anything shoved up his ass.

Speaking of, what is "Inside of You" all about?
It's all about sex and someone getting under your skin and really grabbing hold of you. It's the curveball in the album. [There are] these heartfelt and thought-provoking themes, [then] all of a sudden there's a song about fucking.

By Rebecca Swanner

REVIEWS

YoungBloodZ

Ev'rybody Know Me (LaFace)
For their third record, these "Presidential" rappers from Atlanta come packing a crew of producer superstars, including Lil Jon and Scott Storch. The club-friendly beats and crunk style will keep any party going until your pimp cup's empty.

★★★

Cat Power

The Greatest (Matador)
When singer/songwriter Chan Marshall chose to perform alongside legendary soul musicians on *The Greatest,* even she might not have known how well their bluesy sound would complement her smoky voice. The result is a sleepy record perfect for gray winter days.

★★★★

Busta Rhymes

The Big Bang (Interscope/Aftermath)
After guesting on the Pussycat Dolls' single "Don't Cha," Busta's ready to release his latest: a record packed with Dr. Dre–produced tracks and guest stars like D12, Q-Tip, Swizz Beats, and Pharrell Williams. We loved this album—even the awkward moment when Busta tries to rock out.

★★★★

Hard-Fi

Stars of CCTV (Atlantic)
This rainy-day band might be the next big thing to break out of Britain—and with good reason. They're a modern-day, suburban amalgamation of the Clash, the Specials, and Pulp with heartbreakingly good songs like "Cash Machine."

★★★★★

Fivespeed

Morning Over Midnight (Virgin)
Fivespeed won't win any awards for breaking the hard-rock mold. But if you're a fan of bands like Cold or Staind, you'll feel right at home listening to frontman Jared Woosley croon over guitar riffs and cymbal crashes. Perfect for your commute or pissing off your girlfriend.

★★

UNDER THE RADAR

Adrenaline-pumping rock isn't what you'd expect from Morningwood's sexy lead singer, Chantal Claret, but thankfully, that's what you get on the New York band's debut record. On *Morningwood,* this friend of Sean Lennon's channels Joan Jett and Kathleen Hanna to give us a record that is both visceral and totally danceable. If we danced, that is.

The Strokes

First Impressions of Earth (RCA) ★★★★

It was now or never. Though a sophomore record is when a band proves if they're just a one-hit wonder or a group with staying power, it's traditionally the third album where they decide to either break their mold or stay the course. The opening bass line of the first single ("Juicebox") sounds like a continuation of *Is This It?* and *Room on Fire,* but by the second track, the record carves out its own voice. On the rest of the album, the Strokes (led by producer David Kahne) incorporate influences from disparate genres that include electronica and noise rock. There's even an extended guitar solo on "Heart in a Cage." Unlike the previous two efforts, frontman Julian Casablancas sounds distant, almost bored, through most of the record. His apathy opens the listener to his lyrics of exasperation and sarcasm in songs like "Razor Blade," where he sings, "My feelings are more important than yours / your feelings are more important, of course." Though *First Impressions* won't command immediate attention, the risks the band take should prove fruitful on albums to come.

Penthouse Pick: "Electricityscape"

NOTABLE MENTIONS

Belle & Sebastian—*The Goalkeeper's Revenge* (Matador)

Jamie Foxx—*Unpredictable* (J)

Streetlight Manifesto—*Keasby Nights Part 2* (Victory)

Your girlfriend might like:
Nellie McKay—*Pretty Little Head* (Columbia)

RETRO

TURBONEGRO may have a politically incorrect name, but don't hold it against them—they're foreign. Whether they're decked out in denim or police uniforms (think of them as a cool Village People), these Norwegians are bent on saving rock 'n' roll. Bassist Happy Tom (in the sailor outfit) was happy to tell us about the old-school records that matter.

Black Flag
Damaged
I heard "Six Pack" off a single somebody had stolen from a youth center. Up until then, we only listened to British punk rock. That became stale very fast. How many songs about brotherhood and beer can you bear? Henry Rollins once said, "If you don't like the scene, create your own." That's been the main motto of Turbonegro.

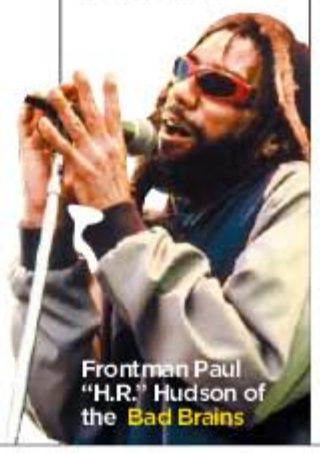
Bruce Springsteen
Born in the USA
This album came out very much as an anti-Reagan record, but there's something very Reaganistic about the sound. Two years ago we had a day off in Detroit, and Springsteen was playing downtown. It was incredible to see him play "The Promised Land" [with] all the skyscrapers in deserted Detroit as a backdrop.

Iggy Pop
Kill City
The stuff that Iggy Pop did with James Williamson we hold in high regard. When they recorded *Kill City,* Iggy was in a mental hospital. Williamson coaxed Iggy out every weekend to lay down the vocal tracks, and got all this great stuff out of him when he was out of his mind. *Raw Power* and *Kill City* are the ultimate American records.

Randy Newman
Little Criminals
My first memories were of riding around in my dad's Jeep [with] him singing Randy Newman. This is like the *Kill City* of singing and songwriting. It has these beautiful, dark songs about big-city life going to hell. Newman writes accessible, intelligent songs and has this great sense of melancholy. In a way, his lyrics are very sarcastic and punk rock.

Suicidal Tendencies
Suicidal Tendencies
I think there are parallels to Turbonegro because [Suicidal Tendencies] were these uncool guys in a band that sort of evolved into a street gang. A lot of hardcore bands were trying to get into metal at that time, but I think they pulled it off.

Bad Brains
Bad Brains
A lot of people don't realize it, but punk rock was invented by four black guys from Washington, D.C. They had a lot of balls.


Frontman Paul "H.R." Hudson of the Bad Brains

The Clash
Give 'Em Enough Rope
That was my first favorite band, but they turned pretty bad after a while. I got *Give 'Em Enough Rope* for my 11th birthday. It was really scoffed at because they went to the States and had cult producer Sandy Pearlman produce it. It was sort of like when the Bad Brains had Ric Ocasek from the Cars produce *Rock for Light*.

50 Ways to Fill Your iPod® Player

From Operation Ivy and Agnostic Front to Interpol and the Hives, independent music has always caught the ear of the discerning listener. I've found that some of my favorite albums are the ones recorded for independent labels. Though I often enjoy their later releases on corporate labels, there are always gems on these "indie" recordings. So take a minute to check out my 50 choices from eMusic, and fill your iPod® with awesome music that will convince all your friends you're in the know.

50. John Coltrane "I'll Get By (As Long As I Have You)"

49. Dave Brubeck "What Is This Thing Called Love"

48. John Lee Hooker "Crawlin' King Snake"

47. Agnostic Front "Liberty"

46. M.I.A. "Galang"

45. Oval "Aero Deck"

44. Bratmobile "I'm in the Band"

43. Danger-Doom "A.T.H.F."

42. Woody Guthrie "Jesse James"

41. Kittie "Brackish"

40. Tarika "Matata"

39. Bebel Gilberto "Baby"

38. NOFX "What's the Matter With Parents Today?"

37. Sun Ra "Demon's Lullaby"

36. Thelonious Monk "Brilliant Corners"

35. Operation Ivy "Sound System"

34. Princess Superstar "Coochie Coo"

33. Vince Guaraldi "Linus and Lucy"

32. Death by Stereo "I Give My Life"

31. Ozomatli "Who Discovered America?"

30. Arab Strap "New Birds"

29. Dizzy Gillespie "He Beeped When He Should Have Bopped"

28. My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult "A Daisy Chain 4 Satan"

27. Sister Wynona Carr "Weather Man"

26. Converge "Last Light"

25. The Hives "Hate to Say I Told You So"

24. Poe "Angry Johnny"

23. Milemarker "Shrink to Fit"

22. Bob Marley "There She Goes"

21. Interpol "PDA"

20. Thievery Corporation "The Heart's a Lonely Hunter"

19. Public Enemy "Bring That Beat Back"

18. Alkaline Trio "This Could Be Love"

17. Green Day "Who Wrote Holden Caulfield?"

16. Quiet Riot "Cum on Feel the Noize"

15. The Presidents of the United States of America "Dune Buggy"

14. Annie "Heartbeat"

13. Violent Femmes "Kiss Off"

12. The Explosion "No Revolution"

11. The Strokes "The Modern Age"

10. Ying Yang Twins "Wait (The Whisper Song)"

9. Refused "New Noise"

8. The Honorary Title "Bridge and Tunnel"

7. Ryan Adams "Come Pick Me Up"

6. Frank Sinatra "When You're Smiling"

5. Johnny Cash "Hey, Porter"

4. The Distillers "City of Angels"

3. Jesse Malin "Wendy"

2. Rancid "Radio"

1. Pixies "Here Comes Your Man"

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THE POWER SUMMIT

"We're doing big things!" No doubt this was the catchphrase of the week. But Rene McLean's Power Summit in the Bahamas was one of the biggest hip-hop events of the year—so what else should I have expected? From Kanye West's intimate listening party to getting close to the Pussycat Dolls, here are some of the highlights.

From left: Jin, Pussycat Dolls, Common, Juelz Santana, Busta Rhymes, and Kanye West

SEPTEMBER 28

1:30 P.M.: Touchdown in paradise. Five hours ago, I boarded a plane in New York City with **Young Jeezy** and **Redman.** Now I'm on a tropical island full of palm trees and hibiscus-eating lizards.
8 P.M.: It's time to hit the Sony Connect Remix cocktail party, where slick remixes of Tony Yayo's "So Seductive" are bumping. I end up hanging with **Kerry Brothers,** Alicia Keys' producer boyfriend and the cofounder of Krucial Keys.
Midnight: I've been up since six, so it's time to crash and hit the beach in the morning.

SEPTEMBER 29

2:30 P.M.: Over at the pavilion, **Redman** is playing his own character in *True Crime: New York City*. Before he tears up the stage, I sit down and hammer through a few trigger-happy missions.
7 P.M.: Rap impresario and keynote speaker **Russell Simmons** talks to a rapt crowd about the status of hip-hop and politics.
8:30 P.M.: During the Def Jam dinner, **Ne-Yo, Corey Gunz,** and **Teairra Mari** perform before **Jay-Z** presents Simmons with the Lifetime Achievement Award. Afterward, there are performances by **Ghostface Killah, Young Jeezy, Juelz Santana, Redman,** and **Kanye West.**

SEPTEMBER 30

Noon: At the resort's cozy workout center, I sweat out the alcohol a few treadmills away from **Pussycat Dolls'** frontwoman **Nicole Scherzinger.**
5 P.M.: On the way to the Good Music listening party, I get stuck behind some angels and the rest of **Common** and **Kanye West**'s entourages. Once inside, West picks up the mic and lays down some sick rhymes with his protégé **GLC.**
Midnight: **Common, Busta Rhymes, Stat Quo,** and the sexy **Pussycat Dolls** grace the stage, despite the passing showers.

OCTOBER 1

5 P.M.: At **Busta Rhymes'** listening party, I find out that I've got to wear a 4XL shirt to get inside. I'm five-one—this is ridiculous. Busta walks us through the record, including four Dr. Dre–produced songs. Near the end of almost every track, he shuts off the music and shouts, "Are you fucking with me?" No, Busta, we're not. Promise.
8 P.M.: Finally, after three days of American hip-hop, the Heineken House Party features reggae from both chart-topping artists and local musicians. Though rumors of A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul performances were squashed, **Black Sheep** busted out "Trik Turner" before **Sean Paul** took down the house.
10 P.M.: At Napster's 50K rap battle, British M.C. **Professor Green** is hilarious, but after he chokes—twice—it's down to a battle between reigning champ **Jin** and **Serius Jones.** Jin mops the floor with Jones and gets the cash. But there's another moment of suspense when Jin challenges Jones to a rematch for $10,000 of his stake. Unfortunately, Jones doesn't materialize and the offer expires.

OCTOBER 2

1 P.M.: Stuck in the customs line, I end up chatting with Grammy winner **Rhymefest,** who cowrote "Jesus Walks" with **Kanye West.** We talk about what it was like for him to come up in the rap world.
2 P.M.: Both Jin and Jones are on the flight back to the United States, and everyone starts calling for a rematch of last night's battle. After all the "big things" that went down that weekend, nothing happens.

WHO ROCKS THE JEWELS?

From simple chains to giant pendants, almost everyone was sporting ice of some sort. What wealth belongs to ...

1. Sean Paul
2. Busta Rhymes
3. Juelz Santana
4. Kanye West

ANSWERS: 1. D, 2. A, 3. C, 4. B

SEX GAMES

Adult Arcade

» For you horny cyber-devils out there who are into **digital beauties,** we tested 25 of the most popular sex (or just plain sexy) games of **all time**. Find out which ones get two thumbs up ... and which get three.

BEST SEX GAME

1. VirtuallyJenna (Online) xStream3D

Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ **6**

The controls are a bit awkward, and it's occasionally difficult to get the right visual angle, but the object of the game—to make your porn-star beauty come—is pretty easy to fulfill. Except for Jenna Jameson herself, who is nearly impossible to get off.

Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ **10**

You can't go wrong with a game where you're able to have sex with five different Club Jenna girls. Play as one of two male characters, or match up the girls for some strap-on dildo action. The additions of the come-shot tool, anal beads, and the ability to switch between vaginal and anal penetration made the game a blast. The only thing we didn't like was the first-person camera. We'd rather be doing the porn star, not being done ourselves.

2. Leisure Suit Larry: Magna Cum Laude—Uncut and Uncensored (PC) Vivendi Universal

Gameplay 7

Frat-guy humor and a slew of mini-games help out the storyline of this classic, hapless character. Even without hard-core boning, it's got everything college has to offer: drunken nights, obnoxious teachers, and the occasional class.

Sexiness 10

Full nudity, sex toys, stripteases, lesbians, bukkake (a Japanese … art form), and much more make this *Leisure Suit Larry* a raunchy romp through college life. Reminds us of our college days—if you replaced "sex" with "no sex."

3. Rumble Roses (PS2) Konami

Gameplay 7

If wrestling a female scares you more than wrestling a male, or you don't have the sack to set up an *Old School*-style bout in your basement, here's your chance to watch buxom beauties throw down.

Sexiness 9

These beautifully rendered body-slammers show off their detailed goods in 3-D glory while dressed as nurses and cowgirls. Dominate your thong-wearing opponent and make her blush, then switch to mud wrestling and get dirrrty.

4. Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas (Xbox, PS2, PC) Rockstar

Gameplay 10

California can be one scary place, what with the actors, thugs, and cosmetic surgeons. At least this game has a great storyline and enough destruction to make us forget about the thespians.

Sexiness 9

The infamous "hot coffee" module lets you enter a woman's apartment for coffee—which is just code for sex. It's always a nice surprise when we expect a nonfat mochaccino and end up with a hummer.

5. Outlaw Golf 2 (PS2, Xbox) 2K Games

Gameplay 8

Who doesn't love wreaking havoc with golf carts and laying the smackdown on opponents?

Sexiness 8

Here's what we know: Catfights are hot. If those catfights involve a scantily clad babe giving her caddy a hot-and-heavy lap dance while hitting her in the face with her breasts, all the better.

6. Tomb Raider (PS, PS2, Xbox, Xbox 360, PC, Sega Dreamcast) Eidos

Gameplay 8

This polygon-built beauty first captured our hearts in 1996 with her teensy shorts and archaeological skills.

Sexiness 8

Everyone wants to see Ms. Lara Croft in the buff, so don't blame us for staring when the camera accidentally locks on her tiny waist or perfectly shaped butt. And it didn't help when the developers enlarged her, um, assets. Hopefully, someday those grunting noises she makes while climbing will be for us.

7. Hook Up 3D (Online) Hook Up 3D

Gameplay 6

This online game pushes the boundaries of computer matchmaking. Though it still has a handful of bugs, it'll be worth downloading once they're worked out.

Sexiness 8

It's like cybersex, except you can actually see what you're doing. Flirt with your partner, then get it on! Enjoy having sex (oral or otherwise) in a variety of positions (from missionary to cowgirl) in real time, and live out your fantasies on-screen.

8. Dead or Alive: Xtreme Beach Volleyball (Xbox) Tecmo

Gameplay 8

DOA is known for its beautiful women, great graphics, and fun gameplay. This spin-off is equally fun, even though the bikini-clad girls are playing nice instead of going for the brutal finishing move.

Sexiness 7

Watching these video vixens jiggle their goods in skimpy swimsuits is everything professional volleyball should be.

9. The Sims 2 (PS2, Xbox, GC, PC, Mac, PSP, DS, GBA) EA
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 8
Now equipped with dreams and smarts, the Sims have become more sentient, but also more demanding.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 7
In the standard version of the game, you can get two female Sims to make out. Add the Nightlife Expansion Pack and get ready to steam up car windows or defile hot tubs.

10. Singles: Flirt Up Your Life (PC) Eidos
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 6
Imagine *The Sims* with less character variety, more sex with your roommate, and almost no taking out the trash.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 7
Roommate hookups always end poorly, but it's fun to see if you can get the two virtual ones in this game to go at it. Unfortunately, watching the singles squirm under the sheets is about as raunchy as this game gets.

11. Enter the Matrix (PS2, Xbox, GC, PC, PSP, DS, GBA) Atari
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 5
The gameplay controls are decent, but we're stuck playing as Niobe or Ghost instead of "the One."
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 7
We *always* approve of girl-on-girl action, even if it's just Monica Bellucci (Persephone) kissing Jada Pinkett Smith (Niobe). Now with tongue!

12. God of War (PS2) SCEA
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 10
Killing mythical beasts like the hydra and slicing up enemies with twin blades make this one of the best sword-and-sandal games we've played.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 6
The mini-game where the hero has to make a pair of sexy twins orgasm is funny, brief—and offscreen.

13. Fear Effect 2: Retro Helix (PS) Eidos
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 7
As in *Fear Effect*, you play the trigger-happy brunette Hana, who carries out assassination missions with her colleague Rain.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 6
The two hot heroines kiss on occasion. And while you get to see the blonde Rain in her underwear, she's strapped to an alien-like torture machine out of a bad anime film. Which may or may not be your thing.

14. BMX XXX (PS2, Xbox, GC) Acclaim
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 4
The bike action isn't nearly as intense as some of the hotter BMX titles, and much of the game revolves around collecting items to unlock stages.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 6
Transport Scores strippers to their club or meet up with a friend in multiplayer mode for a stripper challenge. Hint: You both win.

15. Killer 7 (GC) Capcom
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 8
The schizophrenic cel-shaded game's creepy monsters and semi-complex puzzles made this title one of our summer favorites.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 5
Naughty nurses are great, but when they're grinding on wheelchair-bound Harman Smith, we wonder, *When are we going to get our turn?*

16. Mojo Master (Online) WildTangent
Gameplay ■■■■■■■■■■ 5
Become the Mojo Master by collecting the phone numbers of 100 girls. Not surprisingly, wearing AXE products in this AXE-sponsored game helps your success rating.
Sexiness ■■■■■■■■■■ 5
The girls are smoking, but the closest you'll get to them is placing a pen in their hands. If you're into getting slapped, though, this is the game for you.

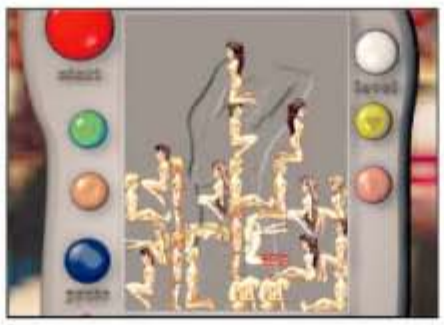
BMX XXX art courtesy of GameSpy.com

17. Fetish Fighters (PC) BRZGames
Gameplay 4
The long loading times kill any of the game's fun, but the idea of making a naughty nurse kick a bunny girl in the head is intriguing.
Sexiness 4
When a character loses a round, she has to strip down to her bra and panties. Like most live-action female wrestling, this would be sexy if the women weren't so blocky.

18. Sprung (DS) Ubisoft
Gameplay 4
Though there are limited graphics, this flirting game is primarily text-based. It's strangely addictive, but one can only click through the limited conversations so many times.
Sexiness 4
Becky and her girlfriends are hot, but the artwork you can unlock doesn't rock. Neither does the fact that there's hot-tub action you're not privy to.

19. Feel the Magic: XY/XX (DS) Sega
Gameplay 6
The game tested the DS's capabilities by making us use the stylus. When we had to blow and yell into the machine, the challenges quickly got hard.
Sexiness 3
Beating the mini-games unlocks different hairstyles and clothes for your girl. We just wanted to see her naked and make her giggle by touching her in inappropriate places. No, we didn't care that she's just a silhouette.

20. Sex Tetris (PC) Auric Vision
Gameplay 5
Matching naked people up is more fun than blocks, right? Too bad the blocks only fit together in standard, non-masochistic positions.
Sexiness 3
Yes, the pieces have sex when you line them up properly, but their moans sound like muffled cries for help.



21. Ultima VII: The Black Gate (PC, Super NES) Origin
Gameplay 6
The *Ultima* series is nearly impossible to beat, but this standout of the role-playing franchise will provide you with at least a few days' worth of frustrating fun.
Sexiness 2
Visit the baths in the land of Britannia, and you can get it on with one of the shapely young attendants. Unfortunately, there's no voyeurism.

22. Bubble Bath Babes (Nintendo) Panesian
Gameplay 5
Similar to *Dr. Mario*, except with bubbles and tits instead of multicolored pills and menacing viruses. It's also totally addictive.
Sexiness 2
The naked woman making all the bubbles didn't do it for us. Maybe add a visibly aroused Mr. Bubble, and you have yourself a game.

23. Night Trap (PC) Acclaim
Gameplay 1
Your job is to protect Dana Plato and her friends from vampires that are trying to get inside their house. The acting is so horrific, you'll swear Plato died from shame instead of an overdose.
Sexiness 2
Though there are many rumors flying around *Night Trap*'s naughtiness, seeing the girls in their nightgowns is as far as it goes. *Snore*.

24. Beat 'Em & Eat 'Em (Atari 2600) Mystique
Gameplay 2
The goal is to correctly position two blondes to catch come shots in their mouths.
Sexiness 1
Not a turn-on—even with naked, giant-breasted women. And the guy frowns when he comes. That says a lot.

25. Metal Gear Solid 3: Snake Eater (PS2) Konami
Gameplay 10
Stealth-based attacks and generally being a badass are all part of what makes this first-person shooter so great.
Sexiness 0
We've heard rumors of a hot hidden feature, but the only thing we found was Solid Snake beating off. Does he finish? We'll never know.

Night Trap box art courtesy of MobyGames.com

BEST IN SHOW

Hitman: » Blood Money

★★★★★

(Xbox, PS2, PC) Eidos

The fourth title in this series doesn't subscribe to Biggie's adage of "Mo' money, mo' problems." For assassin Agent 47, cash from clean hits is king, and you can spend it anywhere you want. From customized guns to secret information, show the Benjamins and it's yours. As you make your killings, figure out why other hitmen in your agency are getting bumped off left and right. But be careful—even though new moves like climbing and ledge-crawling will help you evade the smarter guards, the blood from your victims leaves nasty, trackable stains. And no, pretreating them won't help.

» Assassin or Bounty Hunter?

1. Joanna Dark
(*Perfect Dark Zero*)

2. Boba Fett
(*Star Wars: Battlefront II*)

3. The Stranger
(*Oddworld: Stranger's Wrath*)

4. Ghost
(*Enter the Matrix*)

5. Aeon Flux
(*Aeon Flux*)

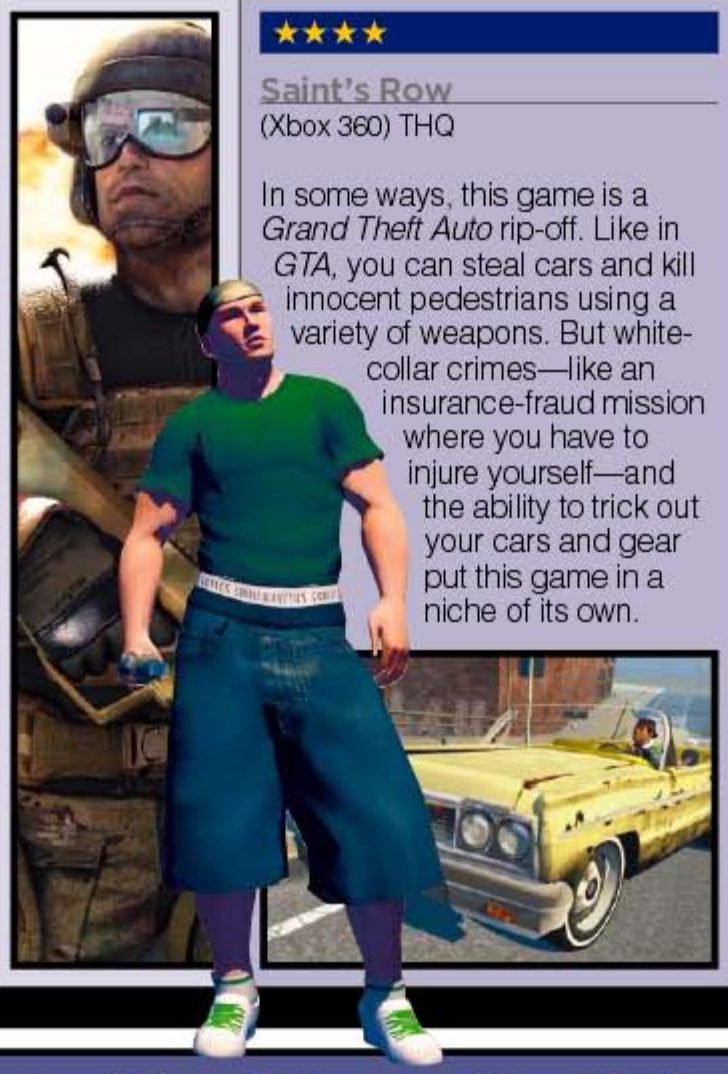
Answers: 1. assassin, 2. bounty hunter, 3. bounty hunter, 4. assassin, 5. assassin

★★★★

Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon Advanced Warfighter

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2, GC, PC) Ubisoft

Though you're known as "ghost soldiers," your mission isn't to scare other squads into submission. Instead, you play one of the hardened commandos who are sent into the heart of Mexico City in 2013 to establish control over the war-torn city. As you prepare to take down the shadowy enemy, cutting-edge weapons and advanced squad tactics will come in handy.



★★★★

Saint's Row

(Xbox 360) THQ

In some ways, this game is a *Grand Theft Auto* rip-off. Like in *GTA*, you can steal cars and kill innocent pedestrians using a variety of weapons. But white-collar crimes—like an insurance-fraud mission where you have to injure yourself—and the ability to trick out your cars and gear put this game in a niche of its own.

★★★

College Hoops 2K6

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2) 2K Sports

2K Sports' foray into college ball is a slam dunk—even if it doesn't show the players' sweat like in EA's basketball titles for Xbox 360. As in most college basketball games, you'll be able to run the court in March Madness and shout plays courtside as the coach. The game's edge over other NCAA titles is evident in online play, where you'll have access to deep stat tracking and online leagues.

USE YOUR THUMBS

Our Favorite Handheld Games

Age of Empires: The Age of Kings

(DS) Majesco

Whether you see yourself as a merciless Genghis Kahn, a rebellious Joan of Arc, or a brave Richard the Lionheart, you'll have the chance to act out your historical fantasies in this strategy game. Travel through time completing missions, or play the Empire Map and topple opponents with your strategic know-how.

PQ: Practical Intelligent Quotient

(PSP) Now Production

Finally, a game that validates your ability to find your way out of a paper bag! Winning these graphical challenges probably won't help you get into Mensa, but these more than 100 brain-benders *will* gauge your aptitude for solving puzzles. Our goal? Not to rank last on the worldwide list that's available online.

Guilty Gear Dust Strikers

(DS) Majesco

For the first time in this remarkable fighting franchise's history, you'll have the opportunity to play any of the 21 characters in the series. In arena mode, use the DS's Wi-Fi to compete against other gamers until you're the last one standing. If you crave even more, the next title in the series arrives on the PSP this spring.

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Fefe Dobson

You probably missed her self-titled debut, a record put out when this 20-year-old Canadian rocker was a **pop princess**. But now, after two years and a bad breakup, she's showing her claws—with help from **Joan Jett**.

Your latest record, *Sunday Love,* is much grittier than your first. What changed?
I had so much time between the first and second albums. I went through a really bad breakup and expressed that on the album. [The recording] was over a period of seven months, so there are breakup songs and songs where we made up.

What are your favorite songs on *Sunday Love*?
I really love "Scar" and "Get You Off." "Get You Off" is just a fun, rocking song to perform. It's got a great beat.

This record is definitely more "rocker chick" than "pop punkster."
I wanted to have my influences shine through more—like Joan Jett. She's someone I'm inspired by. She gave me some words of wisdom that I think really helped me.

What were they?
Don't be afraid to get up there and rock out and make mistakes and be a chick with attitude. And don't apologize.

You worked with Veruca Salt's Nina Gordon, too?
Yup. She was awesome. I was really trying to go for a riot grrrl vibe on some of the songs. When I first met Nina, she was so bubbly. I was like, *She's in a rock band?* But we began writing together, and this great energy started beaming through. She's an amazing person to work with.

Who are your inspirations at the moment?
Blondie, the Ramones.... I got the movie *Rock 'n' Roll High School* a long time ago, and was always singing that song. We actually do a cover of "Rock 'n' Roll High School" onstage.

When did you start writing?
I had been songwriting since I was young, but it really started with the piano when I was 13. [Before then] I used to write and make up melodies without any instruments. It was odd. [Now I use] the piano and guitar for writing. My goal is to take them to another level.

When did you first perform for an audience?
I sang "Greatest Love of All" by Whitney Houston at a talent show. My mom dressed me for that performance, and it was very, very bad.

Why?
She put a sequined butterfly shirt on me, and I had my hair wrapped around my head like a halo.

Sounds like you were always a good girl. But for this album, you're more of a rebel.
It's natural for anybody to keep changing and evolving, because they're really trying to find themselves. I think it's fun to change things up and not stick to one thing. I went through a phase where black was the only thing in my closet.

And it seems you like tattoos and piercings, too. How many do you have?
I have five piercings—three in one ear, one in the other, and one eyebrow ring. Then I have three tattoos. My first was a little heart on my ankle. A very little heart, the size of a dime ... then I made it bigger.

Sexy. I guess you weren't a girly-girl growing up.
I was a tomboy. I climbed trees and played football. I was a good quarterback. The guys always picked me because I could throw a good ball—a high, fast spiral. Now I like playing dress-up and having fun. It depends on my mood.

Does that figure into your song "If I Was a Guy"?
I think there are no boundaries, or at least there shouldn't be boundaries, on a woman trying to do what a guy can.

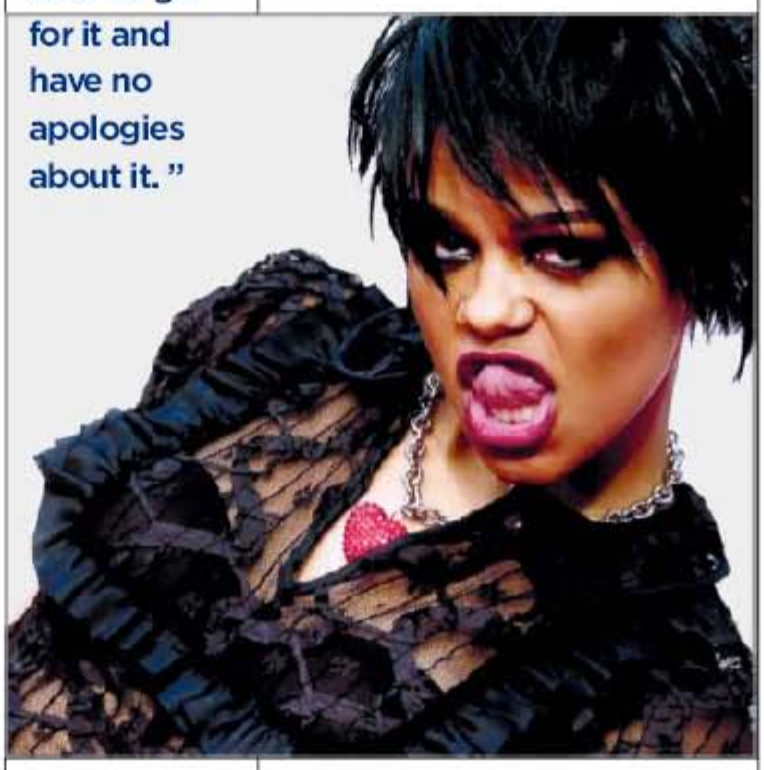
Were you influenced by No Doubt's "Just a Girl"?
That's so funny because I wrote it with the same person—Matthew Wilder did the *Tragic Kingdom* record. So when we wrote ["If I Was a Guy"], we were just sitting there and we start laughing. He's like, "It's the opposite of 'Just a Girl.' "

Everyone is comparing you to Gwen Stefani and Avril Lavigne. Who would you compare yourself to?
Joan Jett. Stylistically, she was great; musically, she was great. I look up to her and just hope I can be respected like her.

I love the song "The Initiator." Do you like to initiate? Or do you like to sit back and let guys come to you?
It really depends. Sometimes I'm the initiator, and sometimes I'm like, "You make the move." I think it's fun [for the guy] to play hard to get because you have to win their affection. [A man] knows that if you really want something, you have to go for it and have no apologies about it.

Do you get really stupid Canada-related questions?
Yeah. Like "Do you guys always say 'eh'?" and "Does maple syrup really grow out of trees?" and "Do you like hockey?"

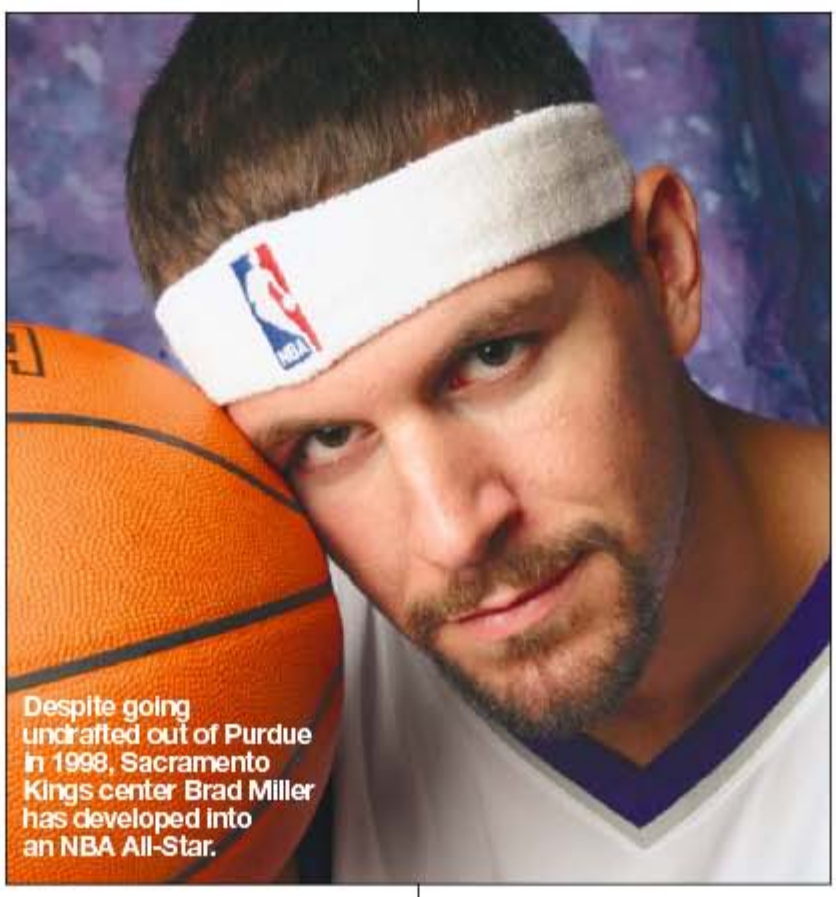
"I think it's fun to play hard to get. [A man] knows that if you really want something, you have to go for it and have no apologies about it."



By Dave Hollander

Brad Miller

You were an All-Star for the East in 2003 and the West in 2004. Any difference?
In 2003, I got to play with Michael Jordan.
Phoenix Suns 12th man Paul Shirley claimed in his NBA blog that Miami crowds have the highest "use of silicone per capita." Accurate?
I'd say Miami and L.A. are close.
Shirley stopped short of naming names for his NBA All-Ugly Team. Who would make yours?
There are a couple of Europeans who would lead the way. But I'd make it more of a Big Head Club. Vlade [Divac] was the captain of that. We actually measured head sizes and weighed them—his head, Mike Bibby's head. There's one Chinese guy in the league—not Yao [Ming]—and a big Russian for Dallas who's got a pretty big melon.



Despite going undrafted out of Purdue in 1998, Sacramento Kings center Brad Miller has developed into an NBA All-Star.

How'd you measure heads?
We used tape measures and actually put 'em on the scale, and got accurate measurements of each other's heads.
How do you feel about the new NBA dress code?
It's not that bad. They could've made it a lot worse. They made it sound like [it was going to be] a suit and tie every day and on plane rides. But they made it reasonable.
Has the new regulation affected you personally?
All it means is to stay away from being hurt because that's the times you gotta wear a suit on sidelines. I take it as motivation to stay healthy.
If you made the dress code, what would it be?
Oh, God. Camouflage would be the mandatory color.
The NBA hired LeAnn Rimes and Big & Rich for the halftime show at the All-Star game last season. Will the league keep going country in 2006?
I got no problem with that. I'm a country fan. Big & Rich are awesome, and LeAnn Rimes just gets better and better. Add a little Tim McGraw—though he's doing *Monday Night Football* now.

"I'd make a Big Head Club [in the NBA]. Vlade [Divac] was the captain of that. We measured head sizes and weighed them—his head, Mike Bibby's head."

Is today's NBA too physical?
You got a few guys who try to get as strong as they can, pushing everyone out of the way. It's a part of the game—I don't mind.
What tricks of the trade did you learn from tough-guy Charles Oakley?
Don't back down from anyone. Get your teammate's back. [Oakley] got my back in the fight with Shaq in 2002, and I'll always remember that.
What goes through your mind when you watch the tape of Shaquille O'Neal taking a swing at your head?
Glad he missed.
Why would anyone call you a dirty player?
I just play hard. A lot of people don't want to set picks. The way I play is part of the game.
When is the best time to commit a flagrant foul?
When you're really pissed off and you want to make a point. You don't want to hurt anybody—just send a message.
What do you think of the NBA's new minor league, the NBDL?
They should've done that a long time ago. We've got kids coming out of high school. They're just not ready. It's better for them to be in games instead of just playing in practice. Nothing compares to a game situation.
The Seattle Supersonics hired Dean Oliver, author of *Basketball on Paper,* to measure player efficiency through statistics. How accurate is that?
It's not accurate at all. A good player on a great team can't be judged by statistics. Look at Bruce Bowen. He's not putting up huge numbers on paper, but he's a very important part of the San Antonio team. He's got two rings.
Now that the NBA has addressed its image, after 25 years, will your old Purdue coach Gene Keady change his comb-over?
[*Laughs*] No comment.

Well Versed in Thirst

The Great American Beer Festival

"For fuck's sake, I'm not Dumbledore." Bev Blackwood dresses as Saint Arnold at the Saint Arnold Brewing Company booth.

Last September marked the 24th anniversary of the Great American Beer Festival, a three-day tasting and competitive brewing event in Denver, Colorado. It gathered 370 breweries, 1,600 different beers, and nearly 30,000 *very* thirsty people. The crowd consisted more of good-time beer fans than hard-core connoisseurs. For every person who studied brews for their bouquet, clarity, and flavor, there were fun-seekers who wore pretzel garlands around their necks and T-shirts boasting I BUILT THIS BELLY 12 OZ. AT A TIME. Think Super Bowl tailgate party–meets–wine-tasting soiree ... without the football or the attitude.

The most amazing thing about the Great American Beer Festival wasn't just the number of beers on hand, but the incredible selection that America's brewmasters are turning out. Santa Rosa, California's Third Street Aleworks brought a supply of Cerveza de Santa Rosa Chile Ale, an amazing pepper-based beer with a slow start and a fiery finish. Smuttynose Brewing Company's Pumpkin Ale was sweet and spicy; Big Daddy Espresso Stout, a coffee-based brew filtered through fresh beans from the Twisted Pine Brewery, was an eye-opener; and high-alcohol beers like Sam Adams' Millennium had a proof close to that of lighter American wines. All the varieties went a long way toward refining our palate and making us realize that beer isn't just for funneling.

Throughout the hall, good advice flowed along with the good beer. The Brewers Association, which organized the festival, offered a full schedule of events designed to educate and entertain beer novices and experts alike. Between cooking demonstrations on pairing beer with food, appearances by authors of popular beer books, and beer-themed musical performances, all aspects of brewing culture were covered.

The high point of the festival was the connoisseur tasting, a four-hour marathon held during the presentation of gold, silver, and bronze medals for beer excellence in 69 categories. The winning beers were chosen by a select group of judges who sampled them in blind taste tests during three five-hour sessions. After the winners were announced, attendees were encouraged to stop by the winning booths, congratulate the victors, and, of course, sample. Here are some of our favorites:

Penthouse Picks

Gonzo Imperial Porter
(Flying Dog Brewery)
From America's coolest brewery comes this tribute to one of America's coolest writers: the late Hunter S. Thompson. Malty and strong, GIP weighs in at a very gonzo 9.5 percent alcohol by volume. A limited-edition 750-ml bottle, with the label signed by Thompson's longtime cohort and illustrator, Ralph Steadman, was issued to help pay the cost of blowing Hunter's ashes out of a cannon.

Censored Ale
(Lagunitas Brewing Company)
A perfect example of your tax dollars at work. This vaguely sweet ale, originally called The Kronik, received a new name after the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms rejected the label. (All beer labels must be

Event photos by Rob Stuehrk/AP Photo

By Eric Danville • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

GIVE BEAR GET BARE!

Loverboy Bear with "Love" tattoo

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Beer fact: Recent studies have shown that hops may help prevent some types of cancer.

approved by the ATF.) Lagunitas resubmitted the original design with a big CENSORED label across the front as a friendly "fuck you." To their surprise, the ATF approved it. Unlike our "We Run a Meth Lab" Stout.

Arrogant Bastard Ale
(Stone Brewing Company)
The tagline of this dark-red brew is "You're Not Worthy." Take that as a challenge and prove your mettle. It's malty, sweet, and packs a definite punch with an impressive 7.2 percent ABV. If this is your first drink of the day, take a second to feel the alcohol course through your body.

Hoptical Illusion
(Blue Point Brewing Company)
As the name suggests—hoppy, with a slightly fruity undertone—Hoptical Illusion was one of the nicer India Pale Ales we sampled. Extra points went to the label, a beautiful piece of psychedelic art that was reportedly designed by the same person responsible for a pro sports logo. If we revealed their identity, we'd have to kill you.

Sculler's IPA
(Skagit River Brewery)
This hops-happy India Pale Ale pours well, has a pushy bouquet with a nice taste, and ends with a good, clean finish. Don't let the hazy color throw you. It's crisp and definitely worth a swallow. And with a label this cool, Sculler's wouldn't be out of place in a mutinous crew of manly men and wenchy wenches.

Liquid Gold

Here's a handful of gold medalists that you can probably find in a liquor, package, or state store near you.

Shakespeare Stout (Rogue Ales) American-Style Stout

Michelob Marzen (Anheuser-Busch) German-Style Märzen/Oktoberfest

White Beer (Allagash Brewing Company) Belgian-Style Wit/Belgian-Style Wheat

Sam Adams Light (Boston Beer Company) American-Style "Light" Amber Lager

Cherry Stout (New Glarus Brewing Company) Wood- and Barrel-Aged Beer

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PENTHOUSE TOP 10: Athletes' Names

As Texas split end Limas Sweed, Southern Cal defensive end Frostee Rucker, and Virginia Tech end Omar Hashish wrapped up their college football seasons, we got to thinking of all the great names in sports history. From Dick Trickle (race-car driver) to Vitamin Smith (ex-NFLer), there have been so many quality monikers that we had to make this a Top 10 (given names only; no nicknames).

10. **Bronko Nagurski (right):** Just *sounds* like a fullback—and the Bears bruiser was a great one.

9. **Stromile Swift:** The Rockets' new forward is all-name. Houston hopes he's all-D, too.

8. **Earthwind Moreland:** Journeyman cornerback played with the Jets, Browns, and Pats.

7. **Sonny Sixkiller:** Appropriately badass name for sharpshooting Washington Huskies QB.

6. **Jarvis Redwine:** Seventies country-rock band, or former Nebraska running back?

5. **Teppo Numminen (bottom right):** The sixth Marx Brother, or underrated NHL defenseman?

4. **I. M. Hipp:** This former Nebraska Cornhuskers running back certainly was.

3. **Baskerville Holmes:** Hounded opponents as a guard for Memphis State in the 1980s.

2. **Scientific Mapp:** Former Florida A&M guard edges his brother, ex–Virginia guard Majestic.

1. **God Shammgod (left):** Of his role as point guard at Providence, Shammgod said, "I'm a creator."

Honorable Mention: Merton Hanks (ex-NFL), Rusty Kuntz (ex-MLB), Dick Pole (ex-MLB), Scooney Penn (ex-NCAA basketball), Webster Slaughter (ex-NFL), Saku Koivu (NHL), Milton Bradley (MLB), Cleo Lemon (NFL). Nebraska football could have its own Top 10, with Thunder Collins, Octavious McFarlin, Wonderful Monds, and Monte Christo all having worn Husker red.

By John Bolster

Miller hopes to be the first American man since Tommy Moe in 1994 to win Alpine gold.

Miller Time

Raised on 500 acres of New Hampshire woodland, in a home without running water or electricity, U.S. skier Bode Miller is different from you and me. He has an unorthodox, breakneck style on the slopes, and you can bet he will express an against-the-grain opinion on almost any topic. Take what he said about the endurance-booster erythropoetin this past fall: "I'm surprised it's illegal because in our sport, it would be pretty minimal health risks. And it would actually make it safer for the athletes because you'd have less chance of making a mistake at the bottom and killing yourself. You have to make four or five decisions every second in skiing, every turn—conscious decisions—plus there's another hundred that are instinct. And when your brain starts to slow down, as if you're holding your breath for two minutes, it makes it damn hard to make those decisions."

Needless to say, these comments didn't go over well with the powers that be in the sport. But Miller's announcement that he will compete for the U.S. at the Winter Olympics in Turin, Italy, which start February 10, was a relief after his public squabbles with the skiing establishment following his triumphant 2004–05 World Cup season. Miller became the first American in 22 years to win the World Cup overall title, and the first skier since Luxembourg's Marc Girardelli in 1989 to win at least one World Cup race in each of the four standard Alpine disciplines: slalom, giant slalom, super G, and downhill.

Anyone who doubts Miller's athletic credentials is referred to the 2002 Superstars competition at Jamaica's Half Moon resort, where Miller cleared the ten-foot climbing wall in an astonishing two-step vault, leaving NFL linebacker LaVar Arrington in the dust—and the event's announcers in stunned silence. In Turin he'll be gunning for gold to go with the two silver medals he won at Salt Lake City in 2002.

Sports IQ

Think you know sports? Test your knowledge, then stump your buddies with the questions.

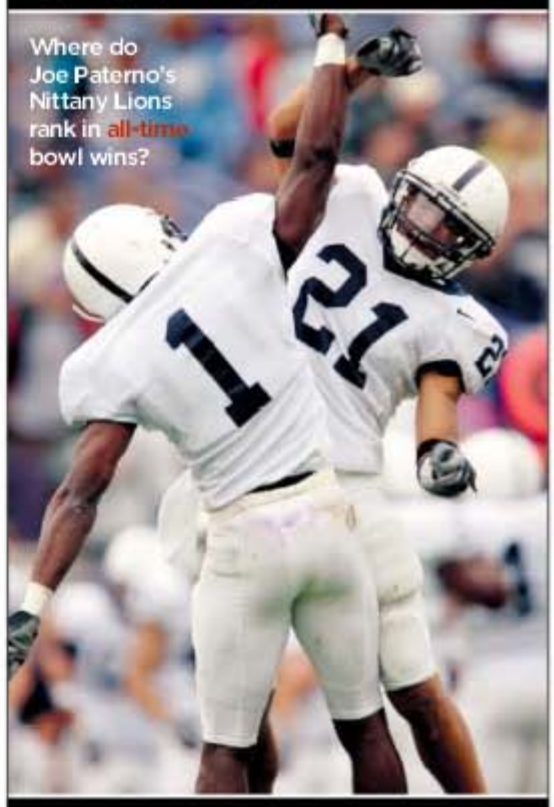
1. Which college football program has the most bowl victories?
A. USC C. Penn State
B. Alabama D. Florida State

2. Which NFL franchise has the most playoff victories?

3. Two NFL teams are tied for the most playoff losses. Can you name them?

4. Who was the last American man to win the Australian Open tennis tournament?

5. During a 2002 hockey game that featured five fights, I planted a kiss on teammate Mark Recchi when the arena "Kiss Cam" alighted on us on the team bench. Who am I?



Where do Joe Paterno's Nittany Lions rank in all-time bowl wins?

ANSWERS: 1. B (with 29 wins before the 2005–06 bowl season). 2. Dallas (32). 3. St. Louis and Minnesota (24 each). 4. Andre Agassi (2003). 5. Jeremy Roenick of the Philadelphia Flyers.

Endangered Species

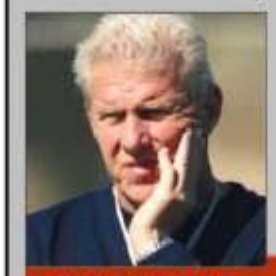
If your team falls behind early during the NFL playoffs this month, it might want to make football's equivalent of a pitching change: swapping out the starting QB for the backup. Then again, your team probably doesn't have a quality backup to call on. It's an overlooked by-product of the NFL's new age (that of free agency, the salary cap, and parity): The solid backup QB has gone the way of the dodo. Teams can't afford them anymore.

Back in the day, most franchises had a reliable veteran holding that clipboard on the sidelines, not an untested rookie or a shaky journeyman. The Baltimore Colts had the great Johnny Unitas starting, and the clutch Earl Morrall behind him. The Dallas Cowboys started Roger Staubach, but had Danny White in reserve. The list goes on. In 1992, the Buffalo Bills made the greatest comeback in NFL history, rallying from a 35–3 deficit in the AFC wild-card game against Houston to win 41–38 in overtime. The hero of that record rally? Backup QB Frank Reich. Morrall came on in relief of Bob Griese for the bulk of the Miami Dolphins' undefeated season in 1972. The Dolphins had another legendary backup in Don Strock, who engineered many a comeback, including the one in Miami's game for the ages against San Diego in the 1981 playoffs. The 'Phins fell short in the end, losing 41–38 in overtime, but Strock brought them back from a 24–0 deficit.

Suppose Peyton Manning goes down with an injury this postseason. The Colts will give the ball to someone named Jim Sorgi (below, No. 12). That's a far cry from Joe Montana's understudy in San Francisco—Steve Young (at left), recently enshrined in Canton, Ohio.

Manopause

What is it with men of a certain age starting to look like women? Have you noticed this? Paul McCartney is a prime example. With his drooping jawline and softened features, the guy known as the "cute Beatle" in the sixties has morphed into a woman. Some prominent sports figures have the condition, too. Call it *manopause*. You can see the effects below.



BILL PARCELLS

When did Tuna turn into your grandmother?

JOE NAMATH

Give Broadway Joe a shawl and some needlepoint.

LARRY BIRD

Larry shoos the kids off the lawn.

PETER GAMMONS

Peter Gammons ... or the Church Lady?

On the Record

"Mental toughness is to physical as four is to one."

—Texas Tech basketball coach Bobby Knight

LONG LOST TWINS

Wildlife Conservationist
Jack Hanna

USC Football Coach
Pete Carroll

Ozzie, Ozzie, Ozzie!

It took Marat Safin of Russia three finals to win an Australian Open. He reached the championship match of the event in 2002 and '04 before he finally won it last year. The man he defeated in that final, native son Lleyton Hewitt, can find inspiration in Safin's perseverance. Hewitt's quest to become the first Australian to win his country's Grand Slam event since Mark Edmondson in 1976 continues, and he'll take another crack at it beginning January 16. Hewitt may break through this year, but the smart money is on Roger Federer, who will be looking to take the season's first Slam—en route to joining Don Budge (1938) and Rod Laver (1962, '69) as the only men to win all four Grand Slam tournaments in one season. Federer has won five of the past eight majors.

On the women's side, we're pulling for ultra-hottie and 2004 Wimbledon champ Maria Sharapova, but she'll face stiff competition from defending champ Serena Williams, 2005 U.S. Open champion Kim Clijsters, and last year's runner-up, Lindsay Davenport, among others.

A Hewitt victory at Melbourne would bring joy to the Land of Oz.

Mile-High Dating

Want to sit next to a hottie on your next flight? A new service called **AirTroductions** hopes to garner a large enough membership so that it can sit like-minded strangers together on flights. The site hopes to attract travelers who want to make business connections as well as social ones.

"Having taken over 500 flights in the past four years, I can count on one hand the number of times I've been seated next to someone I actually wanted to talk to," said Peter Shankman, founder of AirTroductions. Shankman, 33, runs a public relations and marketing firm in Manhattan. He started his Website because he wanted to find a way to select his seatmates.

Thousands of flyers have already visited AirTroductions.com and filled out a profile (pictures are optional). Most of the early members were men, but there are now a fair number of women, such as Sharonn, a 35-year-old, single New Yorker whose black-and-white photo, heavy on the blonde mane and cleavage, looks like something out of a Manhattan gossip column.

You can choose your interests from a list, then type in your flight details. The Website searches for another member booked on the same flight. If a match is found, you can arrange with the airline for adjacent seats.

Money Goes the Extra Mile

Credit cards that earn air-travel miles for every dollar charged are the most popular ones in use, but what if you don't want or need airline miles? Take the money and run.

A handful of card issuers are battling for your attention with other bonuses. The Chase Cash Plus Rewards Visa gives you five percent cash back on your purchases at gas stations, grocery, and drug stores, and one percent back on all other charges. Another card with an overly long name, the Citi Dividend Platinum Select MasterCard, does the same.

Pick up a TrueEarnings American Express card through Costco and get three percent back on all restaurant expenditures, though the refund is only good for shopping at Costco. MBNA will deposit a refund of two percent of all purchases into a 529 college savings account.

Is a three- or five-percent refund per dollar spent better than earning an airline mile? Yes. The value of an airline mile is generally only one or two cents when it comes time to cash in miles for a ticket.

Heartbreak Hotel

Going through a bad breakup? In Chicago, the Loews House of Blues Hotel has the perfect antidote to a romance gone sour. Book a "Heart-Burned Hotel" package at $415 a night per person and treat yourself to:

- Suite accommodations
- Two blue martinis upon arrival
- A session with a psychic
- A copy of the best-seller *Be Honest—You're Not That Into Him Either*
- In-room spa treatments, including massage and a manicure/pedicure
- Two comped cocktails at the Kaz Bar, where the singles scene is hot

The House of Blues Hotel is right by Chicago's Magnificent Mile. The "Heart-Burned" offer is good until March 31. For further details, call 877-569-3742.

Business Class

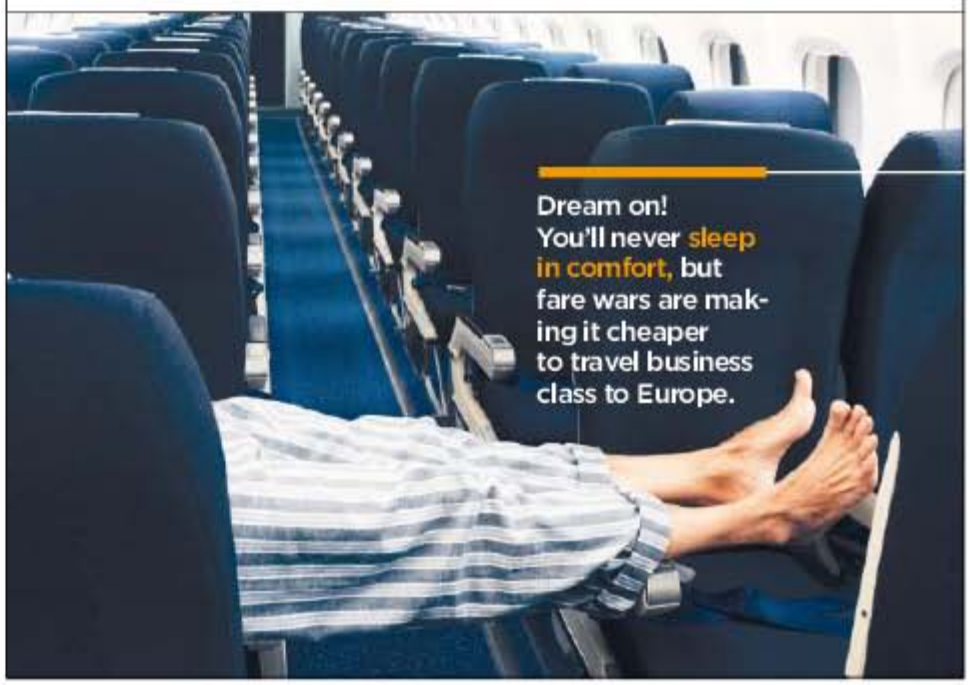
If you've always wanted to fly in style to Europe but can't afford round-trip tickets of $10,000 or more, there's good news.

A bevy of new, all-business-class airlines has sparked a fare war among carriers flying between New York and London, the busiest international route.

Newcomer Eos Airlines (EosAirlines.com) recently began offering business-class-only seating (with 21 square feet of personal space and a fully reclining seat) between New York's JFK and London's Stansted Airport for $3,250 each way—about $1,000 less than larger competitors' full-fare, business-class rates.

Another upstart, MAXjet (MAXjet.com), offers all-business-class service, also between JFK and Stansted, with fares as low as $779 each way. However, the airline's seats don't fully recline into beds.

The new competition has caused fares to drop among the legacy carriers. British Airways, for example, responded in the fall by offering tickets between New York and London for as low as $2,477 each way on certain low-demand days. That's a savings of a couple thousand dollars. January and February are traditionally the cheapest months for flying between the U.S. and Europe, when coach seats go on sale for less than $300 round trip on major routes.



Dream on! You'll never sleep in comfort, but fare wars are making it cheaper to travel business class to Europe.

Lowering the Bar

The blood-alcohol limit that qualifies as drunk driving in the United States is .08. Keep these even harsher numbers in mind. In countries famous for alcohol consumption, such as France, Belgium, Italy, Ireland, Germany, Australia, and Spain, the legal limit is .05. In Sweden and Norway, it's .02. And in Hungary and the Czech Republic, you're a drunk driver if you have *any* alcohol in your system when stopped by a cop.

Drop the Phone

Be careful in these cities and states, where talking on a cell phone without a hands-free system while driving will earn you a fat fine:

- New York
- New Jersey
- Connecticut
- Washington, D.C.
- Chicago

ASK DOC ZDROK

Is Bigger Better?

I've dated two women with large clits—more than an inch long—and I assumed that would be the feminine equivalent of the nine-incher. But these ladies definitely did not like to be complimented on their size. If women want us to pay attention to their clits, why do they get so offended when we talk about them? —D.B., Washington

In case you haven't noticed, unless you're referring to her breasts, she generally doesn't believe bigger is better. I've never been embarrassed by my naturally big clitoris, but for women who are shy and concerned about the look of their genitalia, having a prominent clit only exacerbates their anxieties. The next time you come across a chick with a large clit, the best compliment you can give is a good tonguing.

GETTING TO ME!
If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit *Penthouse.com/drz,* **e-mail** *victoria@penthouse.com,* **or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse,* 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.**

Know Your Enemas

I've always had a thing for enemas, and I've discovered that many women really dig them, too. My partners and I have experimented with different positions, and I've made the experience more pleasurable by inserting my fingers into their vaginas and rubbing their clitorises until they had an orgasm. It seemed to drive them wild. How do you feel about enemas, Dr. Z? —V.I., New York

I personally do not use enemas as foreplay, but I can see why many women (and men) would find them arousing. Enemas stimulate the anal orifice, which many find exciting. The sensation is amplified by the feelings of physical surrender and excitement surrounding sexual taboos. But be careful not to use them on your partner too often, since overuse of enemas can disturb the natural muscle actions of the bowel and lead to health problems. It's just like booze and junk food: No matter how good it feels, moderation is best.

The Final Frontier

During sex, can the head of the penis get past the cervical cap into the uterus itself? I have heard that if you can enter this area, the cap closes like a vise and you experience a hell of an orgasm! I'd like to be a part of this last sexual frontier. How do I do it? —R.J., South Dakota

You don't. Hell, just thinking about a penis in my uterus is painful! (It could be painful for you, too. The last time I had an IUD inserted, I wanted to kick my OB/GYN in the balls!) The cervical orifice is plugged with mucus, which protects the uterus from dirt and foreign objects—like, say, your penis. It's too small to allow even a finger to enter. Sperm can swim through the mucus, and they're tiny enough to get through the cervix. The *only* time the cervix opens is during childbirth, when getting laid is just about the last thing on her mind. Give up this crazy idea and look for another sexual frontier to cross.

Hard to Get

I am tired of constantly chasing women. Why do they play hard to get? —P.W., Alaska

They think that's what men want. We subconsciously think of men as hunters and women as prey, and research shows that men prefer some resistance. Women who give in too easily are perceived as being loose. We also want to make sure we really like you before we sleep with you, since casual sex has greater consequences for us—like a higher STD risk, violence, or unwanted pregnancy. Besides, playing hard to get is linked to good ol' resource extraction: We get you to pay for dinner and buy us gifts before we put out. Don't get pissed at us—it's evolutionary. Even female spiders require a "copulatory gift" of a fly before getting it on with a male paramour.

Girl to Girl

I'm a woman who's played it straight my whole life. But lately, I'm aroused by other women. I find myself getting turned on by soft porn. (You're my favorite!) My husband's cool about it, and actually indulges my fantasy by finding pictures of women he thinks I'll like. This has spiced up our sex life, but I'm confused. Is this nothing more than me opening myself up sexually without boundaries? Or am I bisexual and don't know it? —L.M., Connecticut

More than 80 percent of women say they become aroused by the thought of making love to another woman. And research has shown that many women who deny bi-curious attraction exhibit signs of arousal when shown lesbian erotica. It does not necessarily make them gay or bisexual; those are just labels. Sexuality is not a dichotomy—it's a continuum from gay to straight, and from straitlaced to kinky. I've been enjoying my bisexuality for years—there's nothing wrong with being attracted to men and women. Hey, it doubles your chances for a hot date on a Saturday night! So enjoy your newfound erotic stimuli, and feel free to check out my naked photos anytime!

"I've been enjoying my bisexuality for years—there's nothing wrong with being attracted to men and women. Hey, it doubles your chances for a hot date on a Saturday night!"

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

TOP 10 ...

... Ways to Impress (and Undress) Your Valentine

1. Dine by candlelight. This isn't the time to sharpen your culinary skills. Unless you're a master chef, order from her favorite restaurant. For dessert, offer her a chocolate body soufflé.

2. Give her a full-body massage. Rub her down with hot oil, followed by a bubble bath in a tub full of rose petals.

3. Act out your passion. Reenact her favorite love scenes on tape, and watch it later to set the mood. Don't be surprised if she gets inspired to make an NC-17 version!

4. Make her a star. At the Website InternationalStarRegistry.com, you can name a star after her, then take her stargazing at your local observatory. You're guaranteed out-of-this-world sex in return.

5. See the future. Bribe a psychic to predict a fairytale romance that the two of you are bound to consummate on Valentine's Day. She won't dare defy her fate.

6. Take her away. Book a tropical getaway. Since the sun increases libido, she'll be skinny-dipping with you in no time!

7. Set up a scavenger hunt. Hide chocolate, lingerie, toys, and gifts, and make each clue more erotic than the previous one. She'll find the ultimate prize inside your pants!

8. Go public. Proclaim your undying love on a roadside billboard. Then rent her dream car and drive by your sign—she'll want to thank you then and there. The car's a rental, so go ahead and make it messy.

9. Take her picture. Hire a stylist to give her a full makeover, then take her to a rented studio for a sexy photo shoot—let *Penthouse* be your inspiration. Then use the self-timer and get in on the action!

10. Jet-set. Whisk her away to Paris for a show at the Moulin Rouge and champagne on the Pont Neuf. You'll get Frenched like never before and make like Marlon Brando in the butter scene from *Last Tango in Paris*. If you can pull this off, *I'll* be your Valentine!

Got a date this Valentine's Day? Make it a night to remember. Check out Victoria's sexy gift ideas on page 66!

SEXPERIMENT

Electric Foreplay

In my eternal quest for better orgasms, I came across electrical foreplay. The contraption, found at SlightestTouch.com, is designed to stimulate the neural pathways and take a woman to a pre-orgasmic plateau. At that point, she can orgasm "at the slightest touch." Although I'm constantly horny, it does take me a while to reach orgasm, so I was intrigued.

The unit came in a pretty, silver mesh bag, and included a drink to consume before using the unit. The drink is an electrolyte fluid that is supposed to optimize neural pathways. (Gatorade sports drink works as well; that's what I've been using.)

I stuck the electrode pads to my ankles, fired up the unit, and there it was: the gentle pulsing designed to take me to the promised dreamland! It felt similar to static electricity, so I had to turn it down a bit.

After ten minutes, I began to feel more aroused. I tried playing with myself, but it wasn't enough by itself. I pulled out my favorite clitoral vibe, and came at the slightest touch of it! It was not the total nirvana I expected, but I'm looking forward to enlisting the Slightest Touch in my arsenal of sexual boredom fighters!

SEX ED

Hot Tip From a Sexy Author

"Focus on her pleasure first. And why is that? Because women burn more slowly than men. Just like the head of the penis, the head of the clitoris, or the pearl, is extremely sensitive—especially when women are not fully aroused. So there's a way of approaching the yoni that's slow and deliberate, that's sensual, and that looks at the whole of the yoni as its focus. Not just the clitoral bud, not just the vagina, but the whole of her."
—Dr. Patti Britton, *The Modern Kama Sutra, Volume 1*

S u r

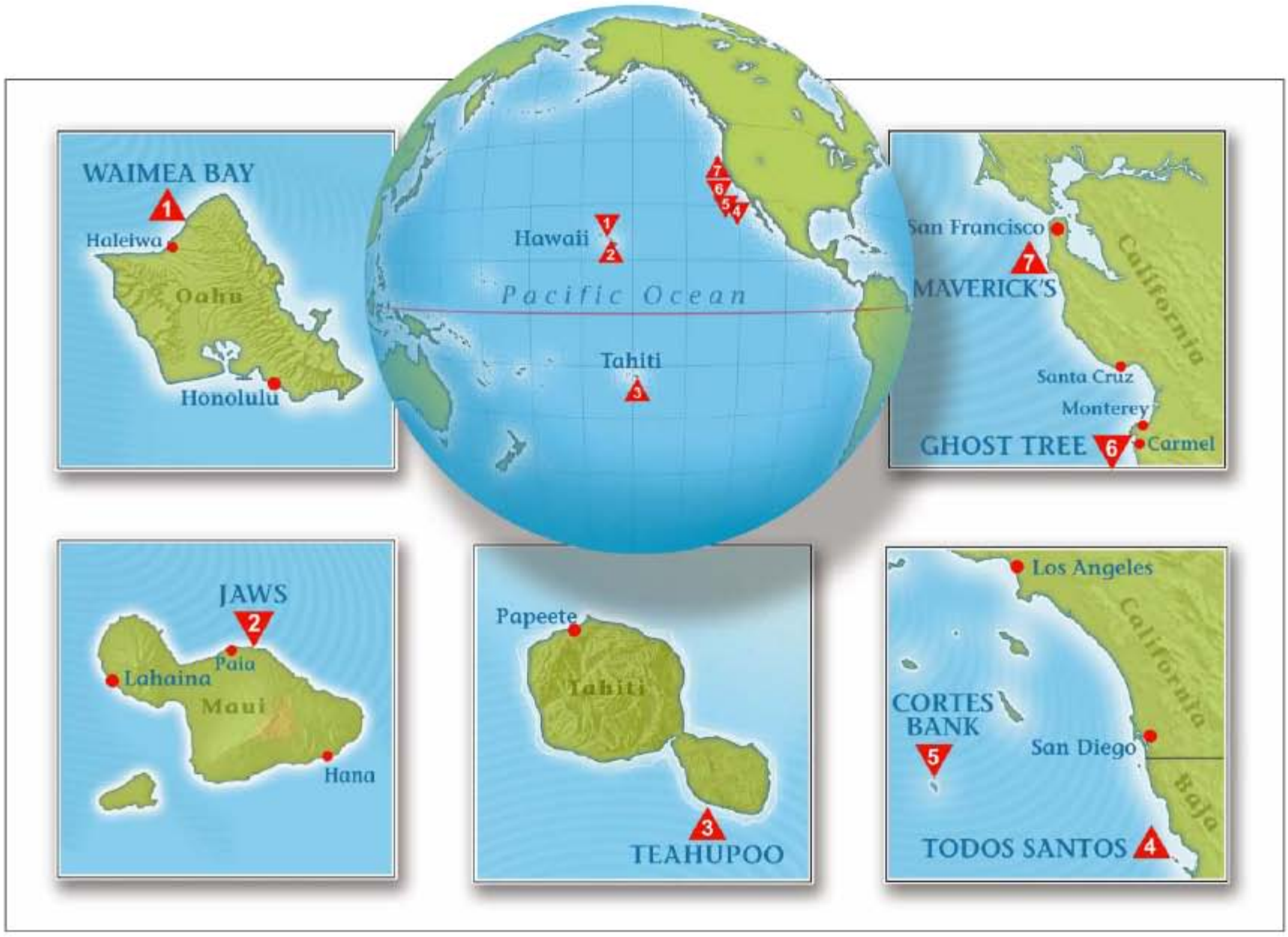
BY BEN MARCUS

Big-wave surfers have been pushing the envelope since the 1980s, spanning the globe in search of the planet's behemoth breaks. Now technology and big dollar prizes dominate the wild surf. But are they ruining the sport?

f's UP way UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT BROWN

On the North Shore of Oahu, Hawaii, there's a fabled stretch of ocean called Waimea Bay. With white sandy beaches, crystal-blue water, and lava points on either side of the bay, Waimea is breathtakingly beautiful. It's also where, from the mid-1950s to the mid-1990s, the world's best surfers flocked to ride what were considered the world's biggest waves. It was at Waimea Bay on



Geoffrey McCormack

January 15, 1985, that Mark Foo wiped out on a giant wave and got beat so furiously that he had an epiphany.

Waimea was the Roman Colosseum of big-wave surfing, and this was an epic day—a day when the lives of Foo, James Jones, Ken Bradshaw, and Alec Cooke imitated the art (or would-be art) of the corny 1964 waxploitation flick *Ride the Wild Surf*. Those men (along with body boarder J. P. Patterson) were the only surfers out, and the waves were getting bigger with each set. The climax came with a huge wave that Jones said measured 48 feet. Foo called it a "thing," and Bradshaw said it was "the largest wave any man has ever had to deal with." That 48-foot "thing" broke surfboard leashes, surfboards, and wills, washing all but Foo to the beach.

As lifeguards scrambled and the rescue chopper hovered, Foo boldly paddled into another gigantic wave, even though he had no chance against it. Springing to his feet, he rode the monstrous wall of water for a fraction of a second before he tumbled 30 feet to sea level—then got shoved another 30 feet below sea level for a rag-doll trip through the spin cycle. Foo nearly drowned, but when he finally surfaced, he did so with a new concept in mind. He later crystallized his concept in a slogan that inspired a pursuit of bigger and bigger waves. That pursuit is still going strong 20 years—and 50 feet—later.

THE UNRIDDEN REALM

In a 1991 article for *Surfer* magazine, Foo described his experience at Waimea Bay that day, officially coining the phrase "the unridden realm." To Foo, waves from 35 feet and up were so massive, so powerful, and—perhaps most important—so fast, no surfer could catch them. It didn't matter how strong or experienced or skilled or brave a surfer was, or how long a board he rode—waves of a certain size were uncatchable. Foo believed this, but he still wanted to catch them. Toward the end of the article, he tossed off a sentence that would prove to be prophetic: "Now, we could cheat our way in. For example, you could be towed in by boat or Jet Ski. But is that *surfing*?"

Twenty years after Foo's landmark session at Waimea Bay, the Billabong XXL Global Big Wave Awards answered that question in the affirmative at $1,000 a foot. Billabong, along with Monster Energy, ponied up more than $100,000 in prize money and another six figures for the awards show. The event celebrates the pursuit of huge waves and the nerveless surfers who chase them at surf spots around the world, known simply as breaks because they are the places where waves break. These spots include Jaws, off the North Shore of Maui; Maverick's, off the coast of Northern California; the Cortes Bank, 100 miles west of San Diego; and a newly discovered spot called Ghost Tree, which is directly off the 18th hole at Pebble Beach in California.

Last year Billabong gave awards for best wipeout, biggest wave caught by paddling, and biggest wave caught by a woman, but the company saved the richest prize of the night for the biggest wave of 2004–05, period. The larger a wave is, the faster it moves, so the biggest wave of all had to be caught by tow-in, where the surfer is pulled into the path of the beast by a personal watercraft, better known as a Jet Ski. The contest organizers paid on a sliding scale. The winner took home $68,000—that's right, someone rode a 68-foot wave—and there were a bunch of other awe-inspiring runs. But before we get to them, let's go back a bit. Let's see how we got from Waimea to Billabong.

HAWAIIAN REEFS

Between 1985 and 2005, great surfers boldly pushed back Foo's 35-foot barrier. They did it with the help of boats and Jet Skis, eventually circumventing Foo's question about motor-assisted surfing. It didn't matter if purists considered it surfing or not. Surfers were going to catch bigger waves by any

means necessary, whatever the risk. Why? Because, to paraphrase what George Mallory said about Mount Everest, "they were there."

The tow-in movement began in the winter of 1990–91, when Waimea Bay was flooded with heroes and wannabes. Established big-wave surfers Darrick Doerner, Laird Hamilton, and Buzzy Kerbox regarded the newcomers with the same disdain with which Kit Carson, Jedediah Smith, and Buffalo Bill watched newcomers to the Wild West shooting buffalo from trains. Yearning to breathe free, far from the huddled masses, they motored to Oahu's outer reefs in a small boat—and later, on Jet Skis—to ride into waves at the end of a rope.

It *was* surfing. In fact, it was a lot of surfing, as the guys caught many more waves than they would have by paddling in. The next winter they shoved off Maui, teaming up with surfer/sailboarders Dave Kalama, Mike Waltze, Rush Randle, Gerry Lopez, and a half dozen others to ride a legendary outer-reef break called Jaws ("Peahi" to Hawaiians).

Hamilton and his buddies were as inventive as they were talented, attaching the footstraps used by sailboarders to their surfboards for extra stability among the giants. They called themselves the Strapped Crew, and they had even more innovations in store.

In the early 1990s, they were still riding conventional, big-wave boards that were between eight and ten feet long. But when they were snowboarding one winter, they suddenly realized that the same type of short, narrow boards that were perfect for riding mountains of snow could also be perfect for mountains of water. They used computers to design surfboards that were four feet shorter and many inches narrower than conventional big-wave boards.

The result was nothing less than a new chapter in big-wave surfing: The group routinely caught 40-foot-plus monsters at Jaws, riding them at more than 35 miles per hour. Watching these flights on video, you might think the film is sped up or there's a motor attached to the board. But no—the Strapped Crew is sailing on wave power alone.

MIGHTY MAVERICK'S

While Kalama, Hamilton, Lopez, and their friends were making surfing history off Maui, a Californian named Jeff Clark introduced the world to the T. rex he had chained up in his backyard. In Half Moon Bay, about 25 miles south of San Francisco, was a roiling break called Maverick's. Dense, cold-water swells—generated by storms in Alaska and Australia—accelerate up a steep incline in the ocean floor at Maverick's, gaining an astonishing amount of energy. Suddenly, this rushing water hits a 20-foot ledge, and the wave converts from a horizontal force into a vertical one, its unimaginable bulk curling up over the surface, five to six stories high.

Sailors and bootleggers had known Maverick's as a marine hazard for decades, and Northern California surfers had witnessed the massive winter wave breaking half a mile off Pillar Point and wondered what it would be like to surf it. In 1961, a group led by Alex Matienzo tried, only to be thrown off their boards instantly. No one attempted it again until 1975, when Clark came along. A high school buddy declined to join Clark, telling him, "I'll tell the Coast Guard where I saw you last." Clark paddled out into frigid Half Moon Bay, caught the biggest wave he'd ever seen, and was hooked for life. He surfed it solo until 1990, when he invited three Southern California surfers to join him. After that, word got out that Northern California had a wave that rivaled Hawaii's North Shore. In 1992, *Surfer* magazine put Half Moon Bay surfer Darin Bingham on its cover next to the headline, "Maverick's Exposed: Nasty Photos of the West Coast's Heaviest Wave." That was it. Literally overnight, Maverick's became a world-renowned big-wave spot, drawing hordes of photographers and world-class surfers.

KINGDOM OF DEATH AND GLORY

December 23, 1994, was an almost perfect day at Maverick's: glassy, 20-foot waves under offshore winds. Three elite Hawaiian surfers—Mark Foo, Ken Bradshaw, and Brock Little—had traveled to Northern California to see for themselves if the hype was true. It was the ultimate compliment to Maverick's—a trio of North Shore veterans flying across the continent to check it out. They all rode well until Foo caught an edge on an 18-foot wave, fell, and went over the falls. Foo had survived much worse, so no one thought much of the wipeout, or noticed that Foo didn't resurface. Hours later, a piece of Foo's board was seen atop the current. His body was floating just under the surface.

The shock of Foo's death resonated throughout the sport. Experienced big-wave surfers—the best of the best—just didn't drown. His death reminded the top guys of their mortality. In December 1995, Californian Donnie Solomon was caught inside a wave at Waimea Bay and chose not to bail his board in front of Hawaiian surfer Kawika Stant. Solomon politely went backward over the falls and drowned—one year to the hour after Foo had drowned in California. The prospect of death had always hovered over big-wave surfing, but now it was almost part of the equation.

PADDLE-IN VERSUS TOW-IN

By 1997, big-wave surfing had split into two camps: Strapped Crew surfers were regularly treading and shredding waves as big as 50 feet at Jaws and other Hawaiian outer reefs, and tow-in surfing was spreading all the way to California. Paddle-in holdouts rejected the technological boost and continued to carve it up at Maverick's and Waimea Bay.

Some surfers saw the rope as a godsend. Others said it was the Devil's business. Good friends found themselves on either side of the divide, which became increasingly hostile, especially when both sides tried to surf the same break. According to big-wave veteran Dr. Mark Renneker, personal watercraft "roar past you at 30 or 40 miles per hour, with the ski rope flying all over. If you were underwater, they wouldn't know where you were."

Foo's fateful ride (above) came on a relatively innocuous wave at Maverick's, off the coast of Northern California. (See map of the world's top big-wave spots, opposite.)

There are also environmental concerns. In September 2001, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration banned PWCs from the Gulf of the Farallones National Marine Sanctuary, just north of the Monterey marine reserve that's home to Maverick's. (But Clark told the *New York Times*, "We operate PWCs at Maverick's 15 days a year in one square mile of ocean. How many cars are on the road? The gas that comes out of your tailpipe, oil, brake linings—all that runs down your gutter into a tributary and right into the ocean. Our effect is infinitesimal compared to that.")

The conflict simmered on, but tow-in surfing continued to thrive. In January 1998, a bomber swell hit the North Shore of Oahu, closing out Waimea Bay and canceling the Eddie Aikau Big Wave Invitational. With the contest called off, two dozen of the world's best surfers scrambled out to find a reef they could handle. They settled on one called Outside Log Cabins, where eight tow teams challenged the unridden realm as a lucky IMAX crew hovered in helicopters. Dan Moore and Ken Bradshaw were one team, and Moore dragged Bradshaw into an enormous wave that the IMAX team just managed to capture on camera. Despite the sketchy footage, Bradshaw's run that day still stands as one of the biggest waves ever ridden.

The swell that produced that monster wave at Outside Log Cabins rolled all the way to Maverick's in California several days later. A 24-year-old lifeguard named Neil "Moose" Matthies paddled into a 25-foot wave, wiped out, and was held down for nearly a minute. Amazingly, Matthies survived the thrashing. The best surfers in Northern California didn't have a prayer out there using their bare hands, so Santa Cruz surfers Perry Miller and Doug Hansen decided to be the first guys to tow Maverick's—at their peril. Miller caught two enormous waves, and though he wiped out spectacularly on both, he'd brought the new technique to the mainland.

A month later, Taylor Knox paddled into a bomb at Todos Santos, Mexico, and won the $50,000 grand prize at the first XXL Challenge. Knox deposited the check at an ATM. A year later, Maverick's held its first contest, and Santa Cruz surfer

After towing in on a Jet Ski (opposite), Hamilton used a shortboard with footstraps to ride an enormous wave at Jaws (above).

Darryl "Flea" Virostko took the $50,000 top prize. A year later, he won it again.

ABOVE THE FRAY

By the summer of 2000, contests and big money began to dominate the sport, but the best big-wave surfer in the world didn't want anything to do with them. He only wanted to ride bigger and badder waves, and that meant using a PWC. At the turn of the century, Laird Hamilton was a combination of Howard Hughes, Michael Jordan, and Poseidon: He was ambitious and daring, supremely talented, and utterly at home in the heaviest surf on the planet. He was also ten years older, eight inches taller, and 50 pounds heavier than the typical bantamweight pro surfer.

At Jaws, Laird zoomed into gargantuan waves at 35 miles per hour behind a Jet Ski, letting go of the rope and making runs that were literally unthinkable ten years earlier because you couldn't have gone fast enough, and you would have been bounced off your board immediately if you did catch the giant. Hamilton solved the first problem with the PWC and the second with his unsurpassed talent and footstraps on his short, maneuverable board.

"elusive 100-foot wave. It sounds like something out of science fiction, or a Roland Emmerich film, but rest assured—it will happen."

Robert Brown

After making these astonishing runs seem routine—imagine lying on your back and looking up at a six- or seven-story building; that's the size of the waves he was surfing—Hamilton chased a big south swell to Tahiti to tow-surf a berserk outer reef called Teahupoo. Arguably the world's most dangerous break, Teahupoo is a shallow-water reef break, meaning the sharp, rocky bottom is just feet away from the impossibly heavy wave. Racing behind a PWC, Laird whipped into a curling monster—and a genuine life-or-death moment. If he'd tripped up, there's little doubt he would have been killed. He made adjustments large and small—the absolute epitome of grace under pressure—and rocketed out unscathed. It's tempting to say the ride made Hamilton a legend, but he already was one. It's accurate to say it was the greatest ride in surfing history.

CORTES THE KILLER

In 1985, the USS *Enterprise* aircraft carrier nearly went aground on the Cortes Bank, a two-fathom reef—an underwater mountain chain, really—100 miles out from San Diego. That brought the reef to the attention of surfers, but no one dared challenge Cortes until January 2001, when a storm that formed near Japan combined with a high-pressure ridge west of California to produce huge swells in Southern California waters. A team of surfers boarded the 54-foot *Pacific Quest* and, after an overnight passage, woke up to the biggest waves any of them had ever seen. They came, they saw, and they surfed for hours. Mike Parsons towed into a wave that measured 66 feet, which earned him the top prize—and $66,000—in the 2000–01 XXL Awards. You can't paddle into a 66-foot wave 100 miles out to sea. Clearly, tow-in surfing was here to stay.

THE 2004–05 XXL AWARDS

The 2004–05 Billabong/Monster Energy XXL Awards featured a prize named after Jay Moriarity, a big-wave surfer who suffered a sadly ironic death in the summer of 2001, when he drowned in 40 feet of calm water in the Maldives. At age 16, Moriarity had survived the worst wipeout ever photographed at Maverick's. But at 23, he broke a cardinal rule of diving by going out alone in the Maldives. Something went wrong, and the diver who found his body at the bottom said Moriarity looked like a Roman statue that had fallen on its side.

Shane Dorian won the Jay Moriarity Best Overall Performance award at the 2004–05 ceremony for charging Jaws, Teahupoo, and Waimea Bay all in one season. Dorian was nominated for a Monster Paddle-In award for a wave at Waimea Bay, and for the XXL Award for an astounding wave at Jaws. He also had a pretty horrendous headfirst-in-the-lip wipeout at Teahupoo that for some reason was not nominated for the Golden Donut, as the award for ugliest wipeout is called.

Dorian stood there that night the very model of a modern big-wave surfer: experienced, dedicated, and amazingly versatile—ready for whatever the ocean threw at him. He may have been the most impressive athlete at the XXLs that day, but the marquee award—the one for the biggest wave of the year—was yet to come. Don Curry and Tyler Smith were nominated for incredible waves at Ghost Tree. Dorian, Dan Moore, and Garrett McNamara were in the running for rides at Jaws. All of the rides were epic, dangerous, and worthy of the top prize, but the judges gave the award to the 48-year-old Moore, handing him $68,000 for a wave as high as the scaffolds Michelangelo used to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel (see photo on page 44).

THE 100-FOOTER

So now what? Like the once-unbreakable sound barrier, the unridden realm has been conquered. Now the new surfing barrier is the elusive 100-foot wave. It sounds like something out of science fiction, or a Roland Emmerich film, but rest assured—it will happen.

Of course, a PWC will be involved, ensuring that the source of the sport's greatest controversy will have a role in its greatest achievement. Hey, if surfing has to be towed to its destiny, so be it. Sure, it goes against the grain of the sport, which has always been about respecting and communing with nature, but it won't dampen the thrill of conquering otherworldly waves and facing down death.

The 2005–06 big-wave season is well under way, reaching its peak from mid-November to early March. The 2005–06 Billabong XXL Awards contest ends at dusk on March 31, 2006. All entries must be received by April 7, 2006.

We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**

Virgin Territory

It's Kayden Kross's first time—and she's sharing it with us. This 20-year-old psychology major and exotic dancer had never modeled before, but when the chance to appear in *Penthouse* came along, she was happy to rise to the occasion.

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks

She tells us, "I didn't know what I was doing,
so the photographer had me dance in slow motion.
I guess it worked!" It certainly works for us.

The beautiful blonde says she doesn't let her busy schedule inhibit her playful side, saying, "Toys and sex are a good combination. I've tried most of them out there."

Our 32D-22-34 California cutie adds, "My colors are blonde and pink—and in all the right places!" For more of Kayden's many shades, go to Penthouse.com/kayden.

rUssiAn Dolls

The **sexy ladies** of **t.A.T.u.** claim they're not **lesbians,** but we're still hoping there's some sapphic **action** going on behind closed doors.

By Rebecca Swanner

"*Dangerous and Moving* is about **dangerous** people, **dangerous** feelings, **dangerous** characters. Every **song** is about some kind of danger."

They're hot, and they've made out with each other in music videos like "All the Things She Said"—but they're not hot for each other. Sadly, the love between the girls of Russia's t.A.T.u. is just platonic. Still, when redheaded Lena Katina told us, "I'm kissing with my friends, always—not only with girls, but with boys also," we began to consider: Are pseudo-lesbians hotter than the real thing? Perhaps.

With Richard Carpenter (yes, of *the* Carpenters) and Sting both guesting on their new record, *Dangerous and Moving*, we're not sure who these "boys" are. We just hope they don't get between Lena and her childhood friend Julia Volkova.

What was it like recording at the Village in L.A.? The Doors, the Rolling Stones, and Madonna have all recorded there.

Lena: It was great. They had this new room for recording, just for us.

Did you get homesick when you were in California?

Lena: I was flying home every month or month and a half for maybe one week when we had free time. It was really great to see my mom and my friends. When I'm working, I miss them. It's terrible when you're very far away from everybody, but it's our work and we love that, so it's life.

Julia: I like London, I like Spain.... I like so many cities, but my favorite is Moscow.

Was it neat to see so many countries on your first tour?

Lena: Yes, but mostly we wanted to get some rest.

What do you do when you're home?

Julia: I play with my daughter. I'm with my friends and my parents.

Do you go out partying?

Julia: Sometimes. I don't like clubs. My friends go to clubs and bars every day. I go to clubs maybe one time a month. I like romantic things. I like restaurants, maybe going around Moscow.

Julia, we've got to know—are you single?

Julia: I have a boyfriend. [He] lives in L.A. He's Russian, but he's lived in America maybe 11 or 12 years.

Are fans in the U.S. different from fans elsewhere?

Lena: I can't say that in Europe people are more crazy, or in America people are more crazy. It wouldn't be right. It's just different people everywhere.

Really? You don't have a place you visit that has the craziest fans?

Lena: Actually, the most crazy fans are in Japan. They are too emotional. They scream and touch you.

Didn't you have to put an apology song on your new record for them?

Lena: It's not really an apology for Japan. It's for everybody because lots of people sometimes have trouble. "Obeyzanka Nol" means "I'm sorry." We like how this word sounds, and the song is really pretty and calm.

When you released your first record, you said you didn't want to grow up yet.

Julia: When we came for the first time to the U.S.A., we were 16. Our hearts and our bodies were like girls.

Do you want to grow up yet?

Julia: No.

Why is the Russian name of the record different from the American version?

Lena: When you say something in Russian, in English it wouldn't mean the same. The Russian name of the album is *People Invalids*, but if you said that in America, they wouldn't understand because it's not about physical things. It's more about moral things. The American name [*Dangerous and Moving*] is about dangerous people, dangerous feelings, dangerous characters. Every song on our album is about some kind of danger.

This album feels more hands-on than your debut.

Lena: We don't have a producer because we wanted to do it ourselves and be more involved in the process. We chose the songs and the vocals. We just want to be able to do more things ourselves.

Do you want to write songs in the future?

Lena: Maybe. All of the [songwriters] know us really well, so they can understand what we feel, so it's about us. It's an expression of our feelings.

What was it like to work with *Wonderland* director James Cox?

Julia: He was very professional. He was very funny [and had] a lot of energy. We did two videos in three days. We were always smiling because he had so much energy, and he's [telling us], "Girls! Girls! Wake up!"

Lena: It was really funny to work with him. He really understood what we wanted. "All About Us" is really different than all the other videos.

How so?

Lena: Julia and I have a problem

between us and we quarrel. She goes away and I'm driving a car, thinking about what's going on, and I'm really sad. She gets in trouble with a boy because this boy wants to hit her. She kills this boy and calls me, and I'm driving to her and taking her from there.

Do you two ever fight in real life?

Lena: Not really. It's just about simple things when you get tired of each other, when you're together for a very long time. You have shows and interviews and you get tired, and it's, "Why did you put your bag there? I want to put mine here."

Have you always wanted a career in music?

Lena: Music is my life. I wouldn't be alive without music. My dad is a musician, but he wasn't involved when I was trying to do something. He was always telling me, "Lena, I don't want you to be a musician. It's very hard, and I don't want to help you. You have to do everything yourself." I was telling him, "Father, let's do something. Give me a song I want to sing." He says, "You're too young." Then t.A.T.u. starts, and he's happy.

Julia: When I was a little girl, I go to play tennis and go swimming and go to dance and go to sports, but I like music. I start to play piano when I was five years old, then I go to music school.

What do you like playing on the piano?

Julia: I like Beethoven, "Moon [*sic*] Sonata." I don't like Bach—it's so difficult. I like Mozart, but my favorite is Beethoven.

What do you do to prepare before you go onstage?

Lena: Nothing. The most important thing when you're doing shows is not to wait before you go onstage. Just come dressed up and go. When you go someplace [and] you have to wait to come on, it's unbelievably hard. Your emotions start to calm, and you get tired of waiting.

I heard you filmed a reality show during the recording of this album.

Lena: Yes, that's true. We were doing that in Moscow, but it wasn't good. It was more about Ivan [Shapovalov, their former manager], and he was talking, and I dunno.... I don't think it was a good idea. We broke up with Ivan when we had this reality show, actually.

You two had to audition for t.A.T.u. Were you nervous?

Lena: I'm always nervous. When we're doing something like recording the album, I'm nervous if people will like it or not. Julia is always like, "Lena, calm down. Everything will be all right. Don't worry, be happy." And so on and so forth.

Did you know you'd have to make out with each other when you auditioned?

Lena: It wasn't about lesbians. It was about love between two girls. For example, I have friends, and I love them. And Julia is my friend, and I love her. It doesn't mean we are lesbians. We were just kissing. I'm kissing with all my friends, always—not only with girls, but with boys also. We didn't pretend to be lesbians. We were just singing about love between two girls, but we always had boyfriends.

sEEiNg Red

t.A.T.u. aren't the only beautiful women to come from Russia. Meet our other favorites who hail from the motherland.

Anna Kournikova
Kournikova is known more for her hotness than her tennis skills, which comes as no surprise since she's one of the sexiest women alive.

Oxana Fedorova
This former Miss Universe may have lost her title, but she stunned the world when she became the first woman from Russia to win the pageant in 2002.

Alsou
Though still mostly unknown in the U.S., sultry pop star Alsou is poised to break out. Of course, it didn't hurt that she worked with hip-hop heavyweight Nelly on her latest record, *Inspired*.

Maria Sharapova
This 18-year-old tennis star from Siberia is not only one of the best players on the court, but she's also kept busy modeling for Nike, Gucci, and DKNY.

Natalia Vodianova
She's been on the cover of *Vogue*, made a cameo in Roman Coppola's film *CQ*, and modeled for Louis Vuitton. Need we say more?

PenthouseLingerie.com
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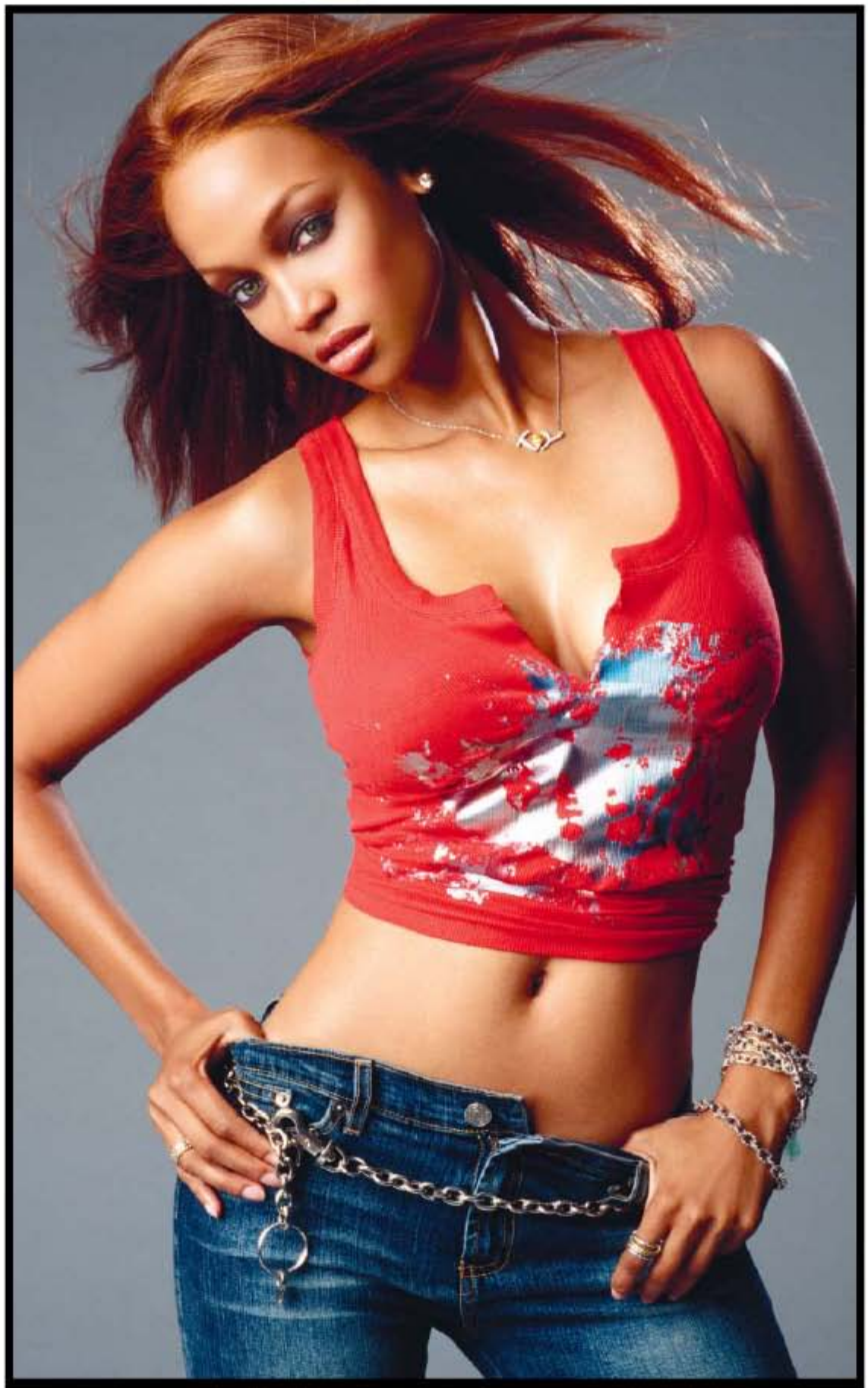
LINGERIE
by Coquette

Tit for Tat

Pamela Anderson, on her breasts: "It's a love/hate thing, but we're very close. I'm glad I got my implants, but sometimes they're in the way."

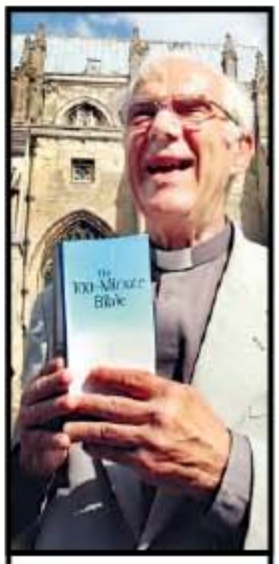
Letting It All Hang Out

"Ever since I was a little kid, I've walked around naked and air-dried. I don't like lint on my body from towels."—**Diddy**



Top This!

Fed up with rumors that her breasts are fake, **Tyra Banks** had a plastic surgeon examine her mammoth mammaries during a taping of her eponymous talk show. After asking all the men in the audience to leave, the supermodel had the surgeon perform a sonogram and a touch test of her chest. "Tyra Banks has natural breasts," concluded the doc. "There are no implants."



Time for a Quickie?

For anyone who's ever wondered why the Bible had to be so long, there's now *The 100-Minute Bible,* an ultra-condensed version of the Good Book.

Bum Rap

Keira Knightley, on the lap-dancing lessons she took to prepare for her role as fashion model/bounty hunter **Domino Harvey:** "I had to coordinate with my bum double, figuring out if I moved the top half of my body, what would happen with the bottom half of hers."

Race-car driver **Danica Patrick,** when asked to name the best female driver no one has ever heard of: "I don't know. I never heard of her."

Just for Kicks

The pilots of a chartered jet carrying nearly 300 Gambian soccer fans made an emergency landing in Piura, Peru, citing low fuel. In fact, the pilots wanted to give passengers the chance to watch their nation's team in an important match—which they might have missed if the aircraft had made its scheduled landing 550 miles south, in Lima.

The Puck Stops Here

Chris Rock, on the return of the NHL: "Hockey is like heroin. Only drug addicts do heroin. It's not like a recreational drug. It's never like, 'No, that's okay. I'm not going to have heroin. You guys go right ahead.' Hockey is kind of the same way. Only hockey fans watch hockey."

When a Cake and Candles Just Won't Do ...

Actress **Shannon Elizabeth** celebrated her birthday with a sexy scavenger hunt. To gain bonus points for the grand prize—which included a bottle of Cristal and an MP3 player—the 20 contestants were urged to flaunt their birthday suits. Participants posed naked for photos in front of a comedy club, turned somersaults au naturel at the Los Angeles Zoo, and even ran a nude obstacle course while being pelted with water balloons.

Kiss It Good-bye

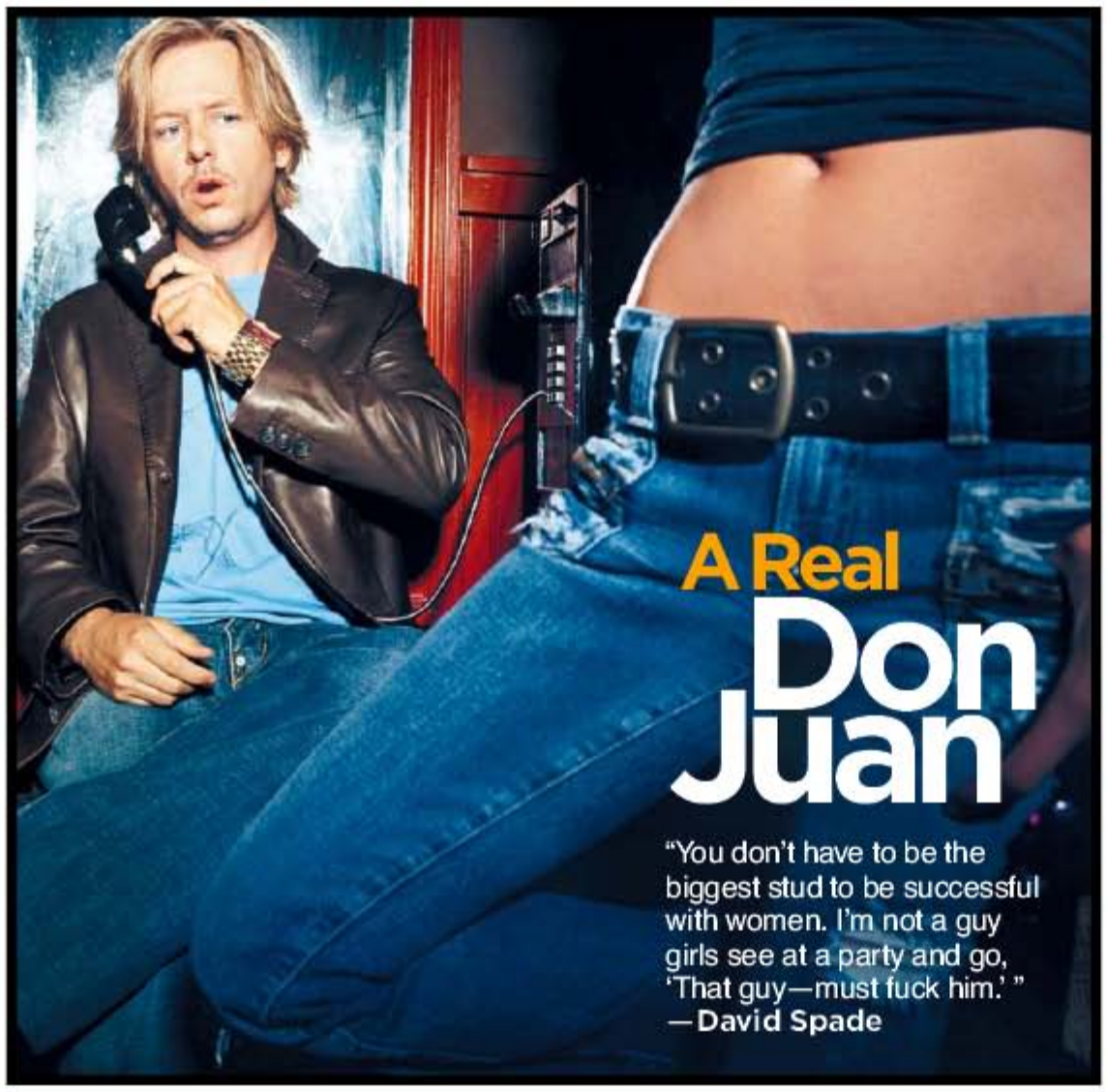
Friends and family of **Gene Simmons** shouldn't expect any sort of inheritance when the KISS frontman dies. The aging rocker claims he'd like to "hollow out" his body and stuff his carcass with all his possessions, leaving nothing behind. "They say you can't take it with you," Simmons says. "Well, I'm going to try. I want my arsehole stuffed with $100 bills. People often say, 'Go fuck yourself.' Perhaps I just might."

Come On, Baby, Light My Fire

An Oregon man proposed to his girlfriend by donning a gasoline-soaked cape, climbing a ten-foot scaffold, and being set on fire before plunging into a swimming pool. The blazing bachelor then reached deep for a couple of bad puns, telling his woman, "Honey, you make me hot. I hope I'm getting the point across that I'm on fire for you."

Reality Bites

Further proof (as if we need it) that reality programming has gone too far: A Croatian Webcast features a house of seven sheep that are filmed nonstop as famous writers come in and read their works to the herd. Viewers vote on which sheep should be evicted. If the ousted animal is not adopted by a viewer, it is sent to a slaughterhouse.



A Real Don Juan

"You don't have to be the biggest stud to be successful with women. I'm not a guy girls see at a party and go, 'That guy—must fuck him.' "
—**David Spade**

Orange Alert

To stop male parolees from taking off with prison-issue socks, underwear, and shirts, the Ventura, California, sheriff's department is dyeing said property orange. The theory is that the brightly colored garments will stand out, and anyone caught trying to leave with the undergarments will be asked to hand them over. Makes sense: The county currently spends about $50,000 a year on inmate underwear.

American Idol's Ideal?

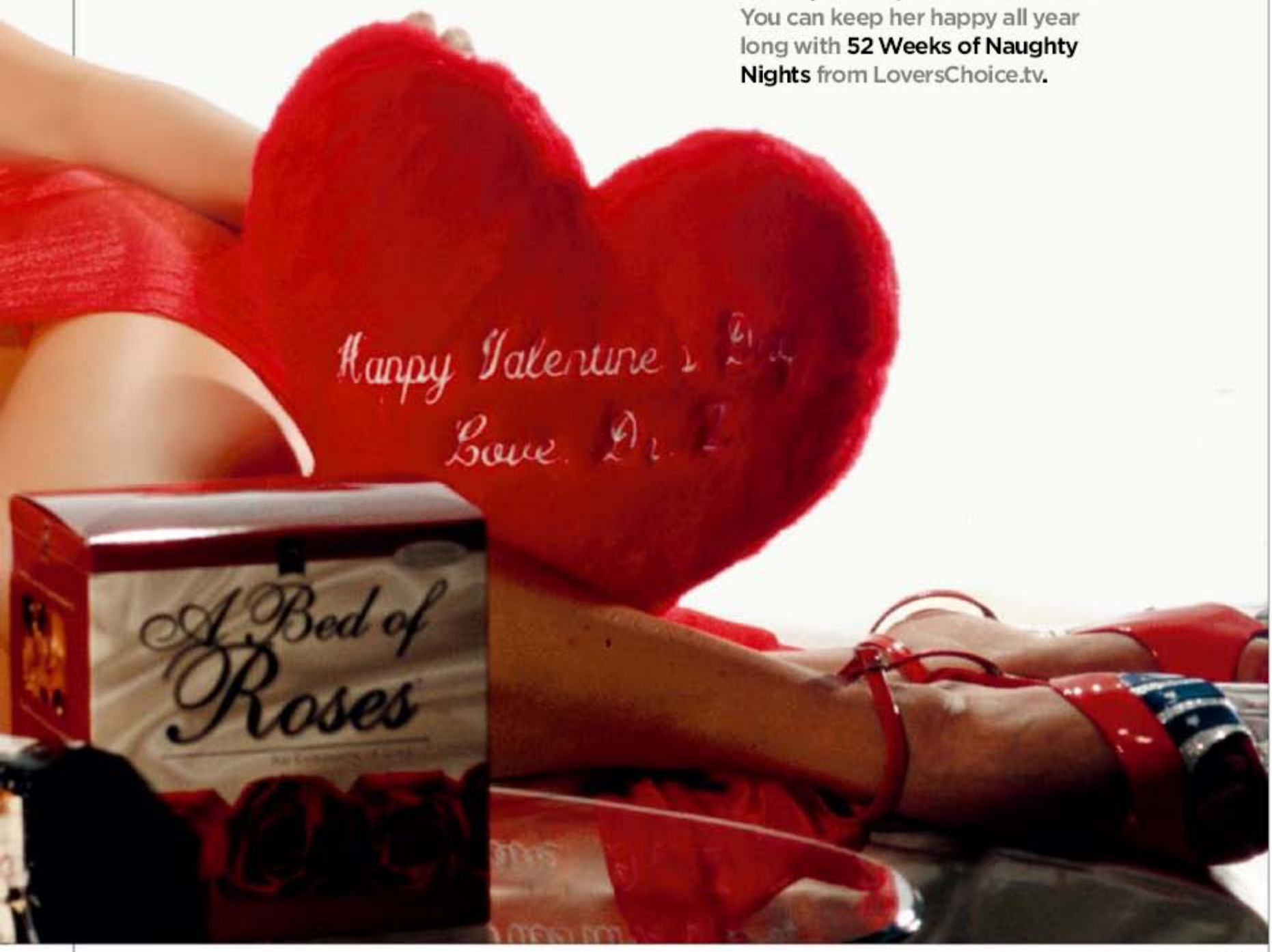
Who gets **Kelly Clarkson**'s juices flowing? "**Shakira,**" she says. "She turns me on. And I'm not on that team."

this is my heart.
I'm giving it to you.
52 Weeks of
Naughty Night

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D. • Photographs by Warren Tang

Victoria's Special Toys

Your girl deserves more than just the same old Valentine's Day standards, so surprise her with one of these racy and romantic gifts. Give her flowers that won't wilt with **A Bed of Roses** from LoversChoice.tv.... Show her she's won your heart with a **fuzzy personalized pillow** by HeartMakers.com.... You can keep her happy all year long with **52 Weeks of Naughty Nights** from LoversChoice.tv.



1. A soft **fox collar** by MinkGlove.com will make her feel like a pampered princess.... Bring out her naughty side with the pink satin **Bedroom Bondage Sash** with rhinestone butterfly from WildInSecret.com.... And for the girl who can handle anything, pick up this oversize **Penthouse glass dildo** from Phallix Glass.com. 2. Before she tries out her new toys, warm her up with **X-Rated Fusion Liqueur** from XRatedFusionLiqueur.com.

3. Send her to bed in sexy, sporty **Coquette pajamas** from Coquette.com.... She'll go wild for the **Rose glass dildo** from Phallix Glass.com. **4.** Pour her a bath and toss in the **Heart Floats bath pillow** from WildInSecret.com.... **Soap** from PrimalElements.com, **candles** and **oils** from ScentsOfHumor.com, and **WISturizing bath candy** by WildInSecret.com will stimulate her senses.... The **Waterproof Vibrating Lips sponge** and **rose-petal soap flakes,** both by CalExotics.com, will keep the action steamy. **5.** Cook up some romance in a **customized apron** from WackyPlanet.com, then serve her a **dozen chocolate roses** from Chocolate Fantasies.com.... Top it off with **phallic chocolates** from GoodVibes.com and a **Pearl Collar and Leash** from WildInSecret.com. **6.** Wrap a great rack in a **Ta-Tas tee** from SaveTheTaTas.com.... Double her pleasure with the **Water Gems Pinky rabbit vibrator** and the **Waterproof Candy Cane** from CalExotics.com.... Keep rubbers on hand with the **Condom Cuff** from BootyParlor.com.

7. Dress her up in this **plaid corset** from Coquette.com, and indulge her with the **Penthouse Pearl Pink G-spot Fantasy Massager** from PenthouseStore.com.... She'll also like the **heart-shaped pillow** from HeartMakers.com, and the **furry handcuffs** and **edible body powder** from KittyLixx.com. 8. If you're always kissing her ass anyway, get her these **lip-print hipster bottoms** from Coquette.com.... Pick up the **Impulse Jack Rabbit vibrator** from TabuToys.com, and make it a night to remember with **Gator Restraints** from CalExotics.com and the **Little Deeper Cushion** from DamonAnthony.com. 9. And she'll really love the **Minx by Shiri Zinn pink vibrator** from BootyParlor.com ... a **gift box** from Babeland.com ... this gorgeous bracelet from the **Penthouse jewelry** line at PenthouseStore.com ... and adorable **XOXO pillows** from SofaGarden.com.

10. If your girl thinks chocolate is better than sex, show her she's got it all wrong—chocolate is better *with* sex. Challenge her to a game of **Strip Chocolate Checkers** by BodyFrosting.com, with edible game pieces.... After the game is over, she can enjoy the **Lelo Ida Pleasure Object vibrator** by WildInSecret.com. **11.** Normally you'd get your ass kicked for giving a girl an IOU for Valentine's Day, but not when you give her the **IOU Sex coupon book** from ChronicleBooks.com. She can exchange the coupons for make-out sessions, massages, and more.... Let your pillows do the talking with funny custom inscriptions from Cafe Press.com.... And she'll be eternally grateful for the **Oral Sex booklet** and **bondage gear** found at Babeland.com. **12.** Get her in the mood for some hot S&M fun with a **Princess Submits rhinestone collar** from WildInSecret.com; the **Penthouse Sweet Surrender game** from SexEd.com; and the **Soft Skins Plus Rockin' Ring** by CalExotics.com.

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you have
what
it
takes to
be
one of
the
chosen
few?

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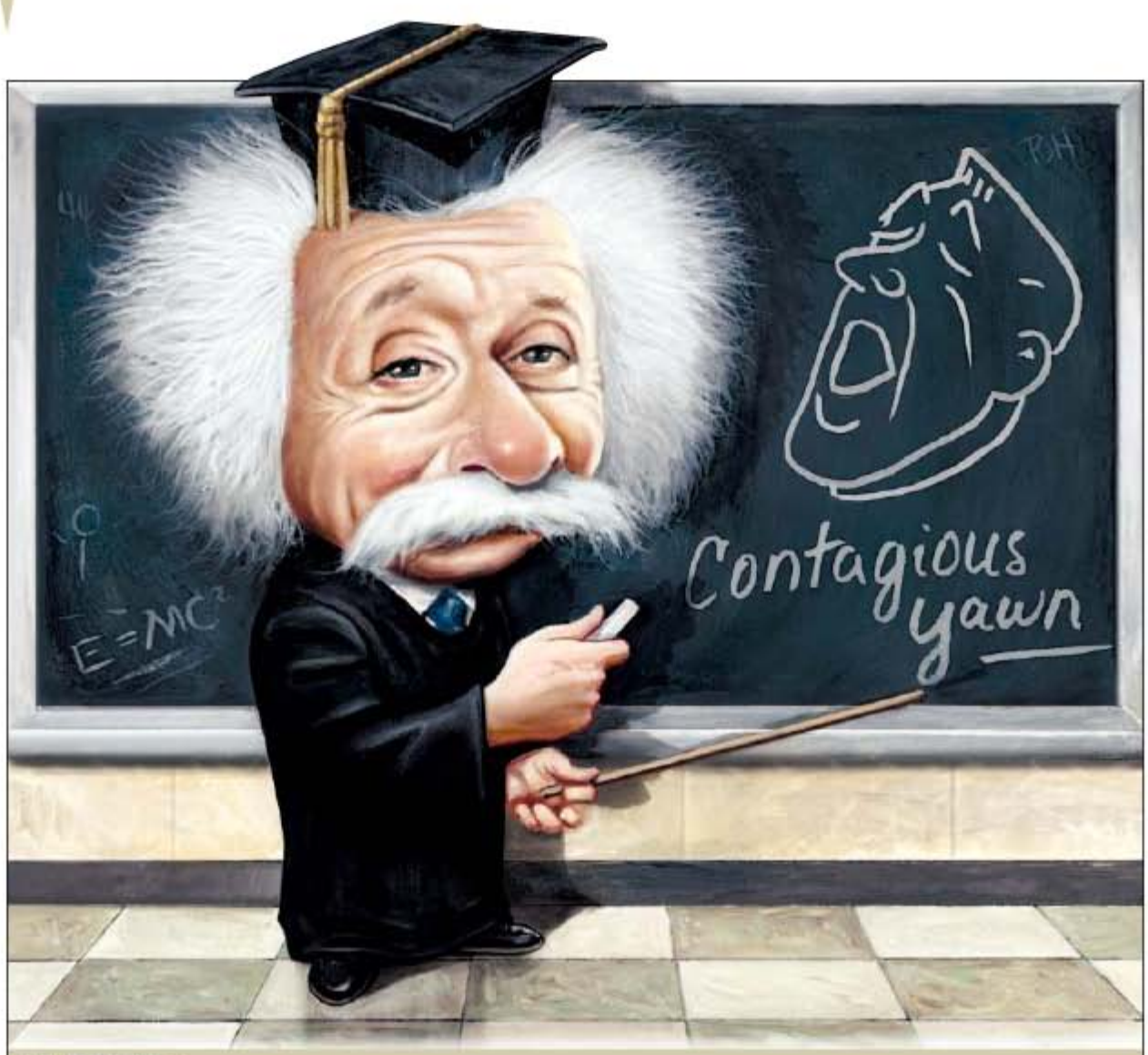
By Kara Wahlgren



NUTRITION

WHAT THE...?

The Science Behind Your Body's Weird Medical Snafus.
You've read up on the big guns: heart disease, cancer, and obesity. Hell, you could probably fake your way through med school by now. But there are a few unsolved mysteries we never really hear about, maybe because health experts are always so busy trying to keep us from dying. We, on the other hand, engage in less noble pursuits.

Brain Freeze
When a cold food hits the roof of your mouth, it sends an "I'm freezing" signal to your brain. The blood vessels in your head dilate to keep your brain toasty, which causes a brief mini-headache. Get rid of it by pressing your tongue against the roof of your mouth or drinking a warm beverage.

Drunken Hiccups
Hiccups are involuntary contractions of the diaphragm, a sheet of muscle that separates the chest cavity from the abdominal cavity. These spasms cause a sudden intake of air, which is stopped when your vocal cords close and produce the "hiccup" sound. A full stomach can cause hiccups by putting pressure on the diaphragm—and the same goes for drinking too much.

Eye Floaters
Those mysterious blobs swimming around your eyeball are actually part of the vitreous, the clear stuff that makes up 80 percent of your eyeball. As you get older, the gelatinous vitreous "melts" into water. In the process, some feisty little chunks of gel remain—those are your floaters. Eventually the floater will dissolve, settle to the bottom of your eye, or your brain will ignore it. But see a doctor if your vision gets worse.

Swimming Cramps
You know the rule: Wait a half-hour after eating, or you'll cramp up and sink like a brick. In reality, you probably won't drown (survival instinct usually wins out), but exer-

Just talking about yawning can trigger it, and it's mostly a social thing—empathetic people are more likely to catch a yawn.

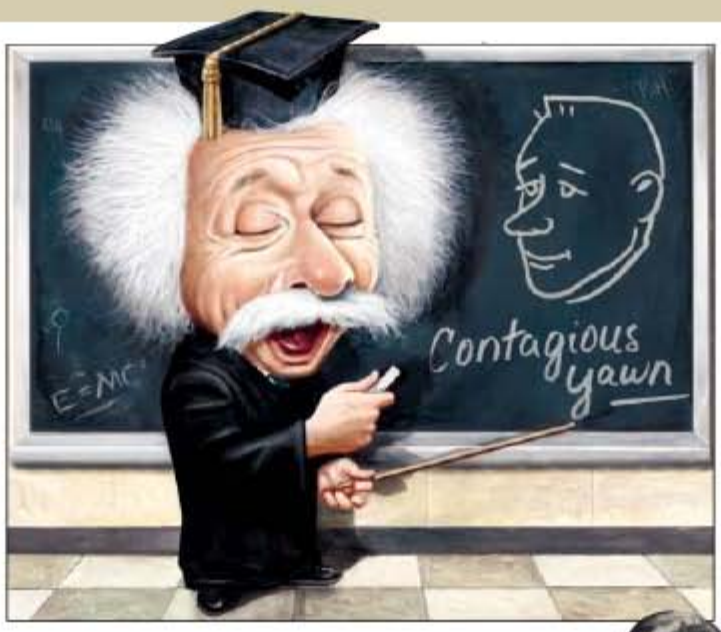
Illustrations by Chris Hers

NUTRITION

cise on a full stomach can cause cramping. Digesting food requires a hefty effort, so extra blood gets diverted to your gut. If you work out within an hour or two of a big meal, your muscles suffer a shortage of blood and oxygen. If that happens, they may produce and accumulate lactic acid, which causes cramps. So it's a good idea to wait an hour before doing anything strenuous.

Contagious Yawns

If one person in a group yawns, more than half the people in the group will follow suit, according to Robert Provine, a University of Maryland professor who's been studying yawns for more than 20 years. (Seriously.)



Stomach Growl

It's not your stomach making the noise—it's your intestines. When you're hungry, your body preps for grub by moving whatever's in the intestines out of the way. The intestines normally contract and push food along, but on an empty stomach, pockets of air and water also get moved around. This causes gurgling sounds—usually at a completely inopportune moment, like during a business meeting or foreplay.

HEALTH NEWS

BORN TO RISK YOUR BUTT

What, exactly, makes someone *want* to jump out of a plane or attempt a backflip on his bike? Scientists believe a single gene might be the key to separating the daredevils from the weenies. It all starts in the amygdala, where the brain forms the strong emotional memories associated with fear, anger, or love.

Researchers have found that normal mice possess two copies of the gene neuroD2, which is related to the development of the amygdala. But mice with only a single copy had a decreased ability to form conditioned fear, which could make them far more likely to take risks. Further studies are needed to determine how this gene could affect human behavior.

Consider this: One in five people you just shook hands with didn't wash after they used the bathroom.

HAND JOB

Next time you're in a business meeting, consider this: One in five people you just shook hands with didn't wash after they used the bathroom. Only 83 percent of people actually suds up post-wipe, even though 91 percent claim they do. (The women are the safer bet: 90 percent of females wash, compared to only 75 percent of men.)

Before you break out the old "I don't pee on my hands" argument, keep in mind that 80 percent of infections are transmitted through direct or indirect contact. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention says hand-washing is the most important thing you can do to avoid colds, flu, and food poisoning. The CDC recommends washing for 20 seconds, or the time it takes to sing "Happy Birthday." (Sing it in your head, not out loud.)

SIZING UP YOUR DOCTOR

Finding a physician is a pain in the ass. If you get someone who knows his shit, there's the chance he'll retire or drop your insurance carrier. Then what? Experts have a few vital tips for finding a new doctor.

- Ask for referrals from friends or relatives.
- Do your research: Where did your doctor go to med school? What happens if you get sick on a weekend? Who covers for him if he's out of town?
- If you have a chronic condition like diabetes, find out how much experience he has in treating it.
- On your first visit, fill him in on your family medical history, your own health, and any meds you take.

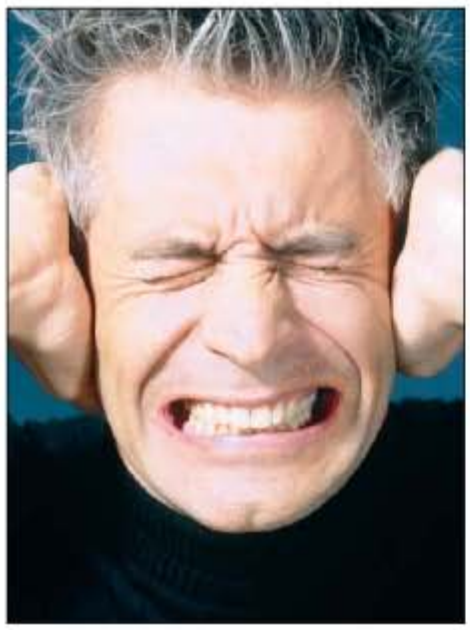
COUCH POTATO ALERT

There's fat, and then there's visceral fat. The former makes you wish you'd gone for the next size up in your board shorts. The latter gets metabolized by your liver, turns into cholesterol, and takes up residence around your internal organs, causing all kinds of health problems. The good news is, it's not hard to lose visceral fat. A brisk, 30-minute walk six times a week can prevent the accumulation of visceral fat, and anything more than that will start undoing the damage. So the next time you catch yourself watching *Laguna Beach* reruns, go pound the pavement.

BAD NEWS FOR SOCIAL SMOKERS

So, you think you're doing your body a big favor by cutting back to a pack a week, or limiting your nicotine fixes to heavy-drinking nights? Hate to break it to you, but even light smoking can screw with your health. According to a new study, men who smoke one to four cigarettes a day are three times more likely to die of heart disease or lung cancer than nonsmokers. In fact, the death rate of smokers from all causes is 50 percent higher than that of nonsmokers.

By the way, even if you never light up, your lungs can take a beating from just hanging out with smokers. While 22 percent of Americans smoke, a whopping 60 to 70 percent are exposed to secondhand smoke, which also increases health risks.



SHAMELESS PLUGS

Rushing the pit at a Slipknot concert wearing earplugs is just not cool. Going deaf, though, is also not cool. Looks like you're going to have to pick the lesser of the two evils, dude.

A recent study found that concert acoustics can damage your hearing and eventually bring on hearing loss. And it doesn't matter if you're stuck in the nosebleed section, or if your tastes are more Keith Urban than Korn.

Pre-concert, participants had normal hearing thresholds—the softest sound you can hear according to an audiogram test.

After the house lights went up, however, 64 percent of the folks who nixed earplugs had a significant change in threshold, compared to 27 percent of plugged-up participants. The change occurred regardless of where in the venue they were sitting or who was performing.

Hearing damage can occur with prolonged exposure to noise levels of 85 decibels or more—and most concerts clock in at 125 decibels.

A RECENT STUDY FOUND THAT CONCERT ACOUSTICS CAN DAMAGE YOUR EARS AND EVENTUALLY BRING ON HEARING LOSS.

Hands-on Experience

If the thought of another Valentine's Day spent wining and dining has you pining for a more surefire way to score, take matters into your own hands.

You've done dinner and a chick flick a half dozen times. *Borring!* You've sent flowers to her office and chocolates to her apartment. *Awww.* You've even endured a couple of trips to the mall. *Yawn.* Before you begin to wonder if you're ever going to close this deal, take a different approach. Pamper her from head to toe with a bath experience that will leave both of you yearning for more. Remember: When she feels good, you look great.

Carry a Torch

Nothing says seduction better than candlelight, so fire up a few well-placed candles around the bath. Color Bowls from Primal Elements smell as good as they look and come in dozens of appealing choices, like Chocolate-Covered Cherries, Blue Margarita, and Wine & Roses (PrimalElements.com).... Or introduce your woman to the idea of a three-way with Earthly Body's Suntouched candle, which is also a moisturizer and massage oil. As the candle melts, it becomes a moisturizing oil to be poured from tin to skin. Suntouched heats to only three degrees above body temp, so it's warm—not hot—when applied (EarthlyBody.com).

Get Wet

Break out the bubbly with Essence's Foaming Bath Oil (BaudelaireSoaps.com).... Or pour some Zen Bubble Bath from Natural Selection Bath and Body. Also try Silk Bath Salts (NaturalSelectionBathandBody.com).... Provence Santé Bath Salts from France contain only natural fragrances and sea salts (BaudelaireSoaps.com).... For just the right amount of mojo, reach for Natural Selection's Herbal Milk Bath Tea (Natural SelectionBathandBody.com).... Got milk? You will with Fresh Body Market's Foaming Milk Bath in Chocolate or Coconut—and *Penthouse* readers receive 25 percent off all merchandise (enter code PH26 at checkout; FreshBodyMarket.com).

Good Clean Fun

Suds up sensuously with a bath mitt or sea sponge (these are from Sephora and Caswell-Massey). Then toss in Natural Selection's Zen Soap Petals (NaturalSelectionBathand Body.com).... Or toast the good life with New York Bath Tub Gin (CaswellMassey.com).... Get whipped with Primal Elements' Body Whip and Sugar Whip, which are gentle on the skin and rinse clean (PrimalElements.com).... Sephora's Coffee & Cream Morning Body Scrub stimulates circulation (Sephora.com).... Fresh's Soda Shampoo invigorates the scalp (Fresh.com).... Sephora's Chocolate Raspberry Mousse Hair & Body Wash can be used from head to toe (Sephora.com).

Perfect Polish

Indulge a foot fetish with Earthly Body's Shake and Squeeze Pedicure Miracle (EarthlyBody.com).... Baby her bod with Natural Selection's Zen Silk Body Lotion (NaturalSelection BathandBody.com), or moisturize with Sephora's Whipped Body Delight, available in a range of scents from Cappuccino Creamer and Coconut Nectar to Marshmallow Fluff and White Peach (Sephora.com).... Fresh Body Market's Body Spread lubricates and softens skin to create a healthy glow (Fresh BodyMarket.com).... By the time you're done, she'll feel so good inside and out, you won't be able to take your hands off her. And with any luck, she won't want you to.

Hair and makeup by Kim Bower Williams Image Group

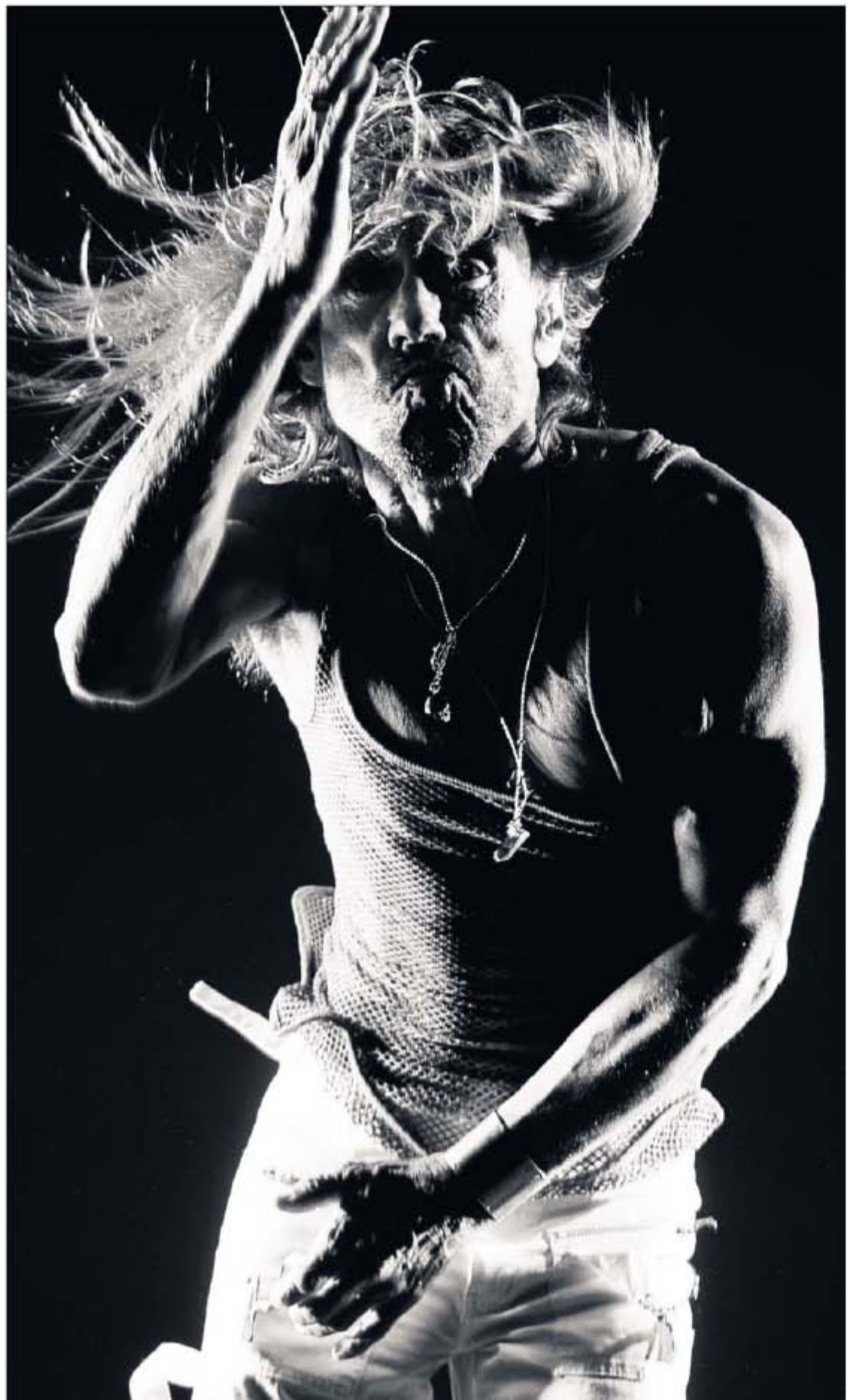
Interview by Chauncé Hayden

Dog Days

Photographs by Mark Mann

Iggy Pop is enjoying his golden years—mostly by writhing around "like a cat on acid" with his bandmates, the Stooges.

Now 58, the Godfather of Punk Rock is reunited with the Stooges and electrifying stages across the country. We catch up with Pop and find that he's still explosive on subjects like drugs, CBGB, and how an old dog can teach new punks a few tricks.



I read a write-up of the Stooges' recent performance at London's Hammersmith Apollo, which the reviewer described as an "eerie walk through time." Is that how you felt?
It was just tremendously fulfilling. That was the first time we had been on a marquee as "the Stooges" since 1971, or something like that. That was a condition of my acceptance of the engagement. It had to be billed that way on the marquee, or I wasn't going to do that show. We've been performing for the last couple of years using any combination of our name, but this was a really nice step for us.

What was the first thought that went through your mind when you looked up and saw THE STOOGES on the marquee?
I drove by it about an hour and a half before we went on, and I thought, *What a strong word it is*. First of all, the double-O looks like boobs! And the word "Stooges" has the sound *ooo* in it. *Ooo* is the sound people make when they have sex or take drugs or get hit in the solar plexus. So I thought it was hot to see that double-O up on the bill again.

Are people starving for good old-fashioned rock 'n' roll? There doesn't seem to be too much of that around these days.
People are starving in general, especially when you get to.... [*Pauses*] Hell, I'll say it—white music. [*Laughs*] Which just increasingly sucks!

You're 58 years old. Where does your physical and emotional drive come from after all these years?
It's a mixture of the sacred and profane. On the sacred side, I've got just a tremendous, real urge to prove something about my band. I still get choked up talking about that. Even at this moment.

Why is that?
[The Stooges] got to a certain point, and things kind of exploded. We didn't get the recognition at the time for what we had accomplished. So I stuck it out for a long time trying to carry that torch. That gives me a powerful motivation to continue.

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bought a really fucking expensive house, and now I have to pay for it! I'm nervous! I'm on edge again! Little irritations loom a little larger! So that helped.

The Ramones have been credited by most rock historians as the band that inspired punk rock. Would you disagree with that?

Musicians are punks. There's an old tradition that female entertainers are all prostitutes. This goes back to the Elizabethan times, probably even way before that. Like concubines in the emperors' courts in Asia that had to entertain. On the other hand, male musicians are all punks. We [the Stooges] as people, before we even formed a band, were more excited about the punky aspects, and the extreme, irritating aspects of British rock and American greaser rock in the sixties than we were about listening to fucking Lesley Gore on the radio!

What bands influenced you?

Bands like the Kinks, the Stones, the Who, the Pretty Things, Them, and maybe Hendrix. [*Pauses*] I'm trying to think if there was anybody good who was American at that time. The Doors. So I thought, *Let's take all of this one step further*. It seemed like the most logical thing to do. But it was already there. We just took it an extra step.

In your opinion, who was the first punk rocker?

In certain ways, James Brown! What a punk! What got us called punks by Lenny Kaye in *Rolling Stone* magazine was the fact that I sounded so damn adolescent. I sounded like I was 14, and I was already 21 at the time. James Brown was very punk, but he was an adult. You could tell he went to a lounge to drink with a suit on. He was interested in adult things. He was different. So compared to him, the English groups sounded punky, and compared to them, we really sounded like kids.

But the Stones and the Who weren't smashing glass bottles on themselves and rubbing peanut butter on their wounds.

No, they weren't. They also weren't coming out in ripped jeans. Nobody did that. The more ripped my pants got, I thought, the cooler it looked.

And the blood?

I can't remember where that started. That might have been more serendipity from the things I was doing. Some of the stuff I was doing was stuff a five-year-old will do to get attention.

Here's a quote from you: "I don't believe that U2 ever really wanted to save the whales, and I don't believe that the Beastie Boys are ready to lay down for Tibet. Nobody says jack-shit about what really matters to them." Do you really feel that way about rock stars who preach to the masses?

Yeah. I feel this way about it: It would be easier for me to believe someone's commitment to Greenpeace if that's all they do. I mean, work for Greenpeace if you believe in Greenpeace. Personally, I haven't done too many benefits, but boy, when you do, you see the backside of it. I hear people talking about the angles and different things they're going to make off of it. Especially the managers.

Does that anger you?

I'm not outraged by that, or really anything. It's just not my personal taste. I just don't see why they don't use that same energy to write a good song that rocks. I'm just not a big believer. So, yeah, I'll stand by the quote.

Are you saying Bono has an agenda to keep himself in the spotlight rather than just focus on writing good songs?

I don't want to go any further. I've already gone too far. [U2] is a good band. There's a certain kind of reassuring white rock, and some people do well with that … and that's fine. That's all you're going to get out of me.

Considering you're still putting your body through all kinds of contortions onstage, how do you feel physically the day after a performance?

Oh, fuck. It's not just soreness. When I'm going for it, I absorb the energy of the people, so I can't sleep. I'll be really tired after one of those gigs, but I can't sleep for about five hours. When I finally do try and sleep, I can't sleep more than two hours. I'm like a cat on acid.

How have you managed to fight the temptation to use heroin again? Or have you?

The other equation is, how do you manage to do that and also attempt anything with your life that involves edginess, aggression, or just comfort? It's a lot easier to say, "Okay, I survived my heroin addiction, I'll now be a tomato." You can do that. But generally, once most people have been through their big addictions and you've passed the Christ stage—

Christ stage?

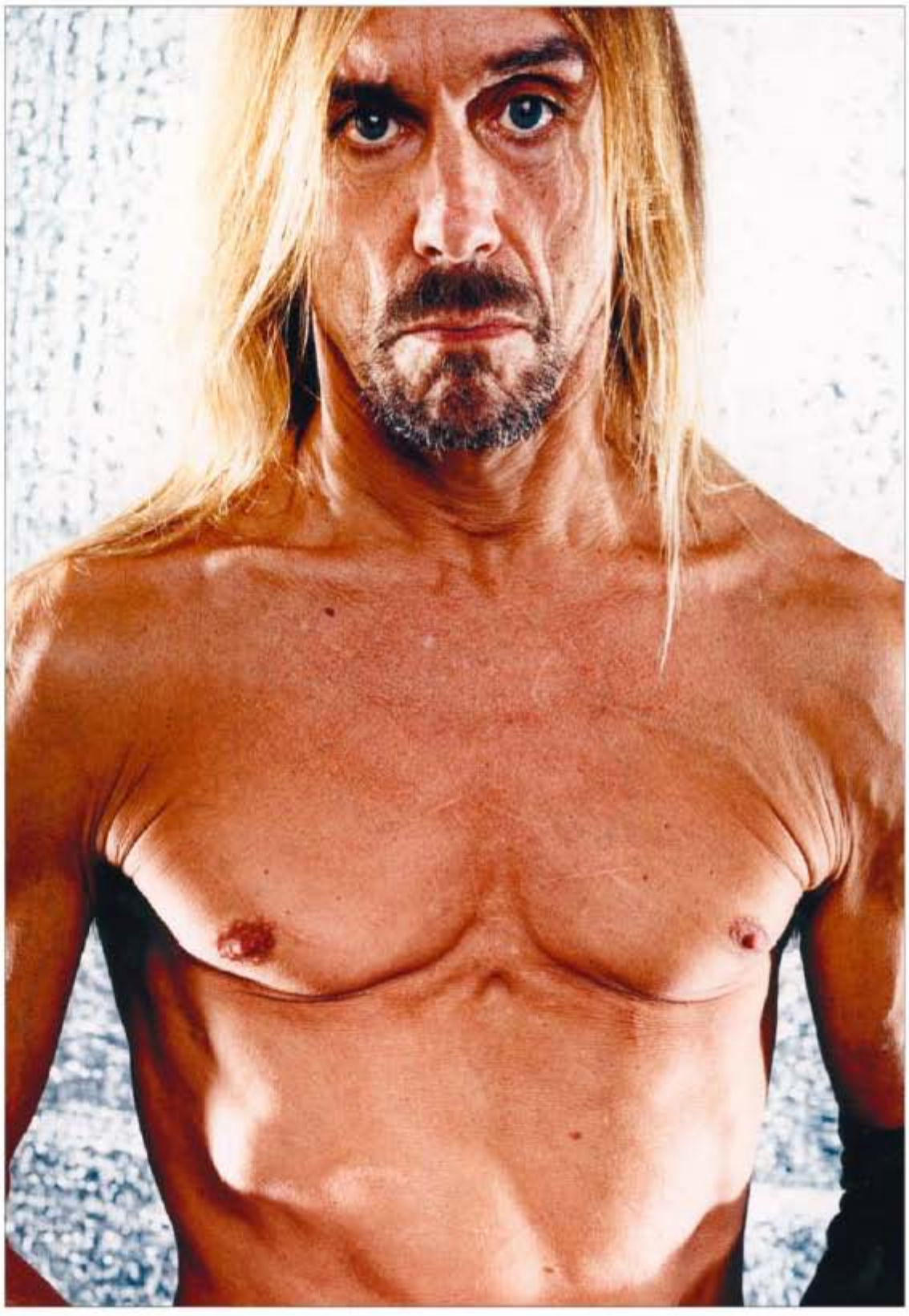
[If you get] past 33 in one piece and you start to shed those addictions, you become tender. You will be tenderized physically, emotionally. Your nervous system, your consciousness, your stamina—everything is touchier. You're not as sturdy a tower as you once were. You have to build that back up before you try any fancy shit. That's basically what I did for a long time. Everybody has a different way of getting clean. I never did join AA or go cold turkey. I still like my cup of strong coffee in the morning, and I like my Red Bull if I'm going to go out and do something with a lot of people around. I also like a good red Bordeaux, but generally in pri-

vate, with a close companion and with food. Those are minor addictions themselves. Everybody, all humans, will be addicted until the end of time. It's part of humanity. I remember my friend Steve Jones of the Sex Pistols went to AA. [*Laughs*] We're friends and I love him, so I can talk about him! He came up to me one time and said, "I quit everything. I don't do anything! But I love dirty girls. I love dirty, filthy girls. I have to go out, find a sleazy one, and fuck her behind a curtain, or fuck her somewhere in a public place every night! But I'm in AA!" [*Laughs*] Okay, Steve! Everybody has a different way of going about these things.

When did you first realize you wanted to get off heroin?

I first realized I wanted to get off it about

"I was really worried before this tour that I was doing too well. I didn't have any problems. I had no fucking motivation. Fuck! Life was too damn good. So I bought a really fucking expensive house, and now I have to pay for it! I'm nervous! I'm on edge again!"



1980 or '81. So I wrote a book [*I Need More*], or told a book to somebody that later came out, because I knew that once I started kicking, I was going to become a fart. I was going to become reasonable and balanced and secretive, and do what serves me. So I spilled everything I did, and slowly came down gradually. I had my little relapses. Up until 1990, I used to smoke a little. It was a smaller and smaller joint every night. But then you start getting paranoid or you get hungover. And in the morning the phone rings, and it's something really important and you can't remember it. It kind of just goes like that. Now I'm ready to try some fancier shit! Like, go rock with the Stooges!

Is it true that when you were in your mid-twenties, you were admitted to a mental hospital?

Yeah. It was on the condition between myself and the treating physician that I wasn't crazy. My point to him was that I needed to be somewhere that wasn't a drug ward. I needed to be somewhere where I couldn't get anything, and people didn't know me. I needed to stop, basically. I was on a downhill train and I needed to stop.

How long did you spend in the mental hospital?

About a month or two.

Did it help?

Listen, as far as we got was twice a week, I was asked to talk about my father. So I would say, "Talk about my father. Now shut up!" To be honest, it was just a chance for me to stop the elephant for a little while. There wasn't any Valium, aspirin, counseling, or any of that crap. I did a couple of rehabs after that. But this was just a straight ward where half the people were American housewives who were emotionally abused or ignored for too long. They just had little breakdowns. They just went off. A lot of the mentally ill in this country fall into that category. Then you have the guys like this one guy I knew, who thought his dad was in the FBI and the CIA and was after him. [*Laughs*] We also had a guy who took LSD and thought he could fly! He had broken limbs and stuff! It was kind of cool! That was that. It wasn't a big deal.

If the reports are true, it seems as if Hollywood is going to make a movie about your life. Apparently, Elijah Wood has been given the green light to portray you.

[*Yells*] What's up with that? Are they really doing that thing?

Here's a quote from Wood about win-

ning the role: "I'm scared to death of doing it because I love [Iggy Pop] so much and respect the music so much. I don't want to be the person responsible for screwing it up." What advice would you give Wood?
[*Laughs*] You're going to get nowhere with that question! I read the script and … [*Long pause*] Gee whiz. Listen, I'll tell you this, the script ain't chopped liver. Judging objectively, it was a work of art. But subjectively, I don't want to be involved in any way. I don't even want to make any comment.
As someone who's done his share of acting, why wouldn't you want to be involved in the movie? At the very least, just to make sure they get the story right.
I've done enough film work to understand what Hollywood is about. Apparently, the subject of this film is about me in some way. But the film is a journey, and there's no telling where they'll end up. The main character might become an Eskimo. You never know. It's a creative process, and I just don't have anything to do with it. More power to them. A producer and the writer sent me a very decent letter, and asked me to write back if I didn't want them to do it. But I didn't do that either because I don't feel negative about it at all.
Are you a fan of Wood's work as an actor?
At first, I was kind of curious. Who is this Elijah Wood? I don't really know about him. But somebody told me he played a hobbit in *Lord of the Rings*. And I saw him on TV the other day, and he seems like a very poised and talented actor.
The New York City bar and club CBGB is on the verge of closing. Is it worth saving?
[*Long pause*] If it's going to be turned into a tourist boutique, then the answer should be …

You live in New York. Are there 20 bands in New York City that should be playing somewhere like that? That are filthy, flawed, and irritating enough? That still mean anything?
The bands may still be out there, but does anyone care? I think that's the question.
Then nature needs to take its course. I'll tell you what, I'm not an expert in New York rock because I wasn't born and bred there. Lou Reed knows a lot more about it than I do. Or David Johansen. Even Patti Smith. I came from Detroit, and New York, right from the beginning, was always great to me. I made it, if you consider me making it, because of that town.

But I think the worse New York is doing, both socially and economically, the better the music. [*Laughs*] Unfortunately, it seems like New York is doing awfully well these days! In general, big cities with cracks in the social fabric create great opportunities for white rock 'n' roll. So when CBGB was hot, that neighborhood was still very dirty and very dangerous, and the rent was nada, dude! I jammed at a club in that neighborhood once with the Bad Brains, and I was afraid! I shacked up with someone from the audience who lived across the street from the club, on the corner of Avenue A and St. Marks, and I said to myself, *I got to get out of here! This is scary!* Everything about New York was cool during the seventies. Even the big blackout in '77 was cool! There was space. People slouched when they walked, and they didn't look like they had anywhere to go. Everybody wasn't dressed for success. There were still peep shows in Times Square.

To me, that created art. That's why CBGB was what it was. An apartment where Andy Warhol lived in Union Square was cheap … cheap and filthy!

"People are starving in general, especially when you get to … [*Pauses*] Hell, I'll say it—white music. [*Laughs*] Which just increasingly sucks!"

Would you prefer a cheap and filthy apartment, or a mansion?
I have a limit to my tolerance of cheap and filthy. But objectively, I got to say that's the only time city energy makes great music. The city has layers of knowledge, and it's tongue and it's cheek. It creates characters of interest that the suburbs never can in this country. But when the city becomes what it is now, the only people who can negotiate [are] going to be black crack dealers with portable equipment who don't have the time to actually write the songs themselves. They can just sample it off of something that was done already. There's no time now. There's no space, and money is getting tighter. It's very difficult to make an honest living. It's very, very difficult. You hit a geyser on that question. But it's an important question.
What band do you find interesting today?
In New York City, I think the Strokes have become interesting just by virtue of their backgrounds and educations. These are well-educated boys who have learned certain things from their upbringing, and it affects their choices in a good way. That first record is very, very good.
Which was harder for you to deal with: turning 30, 40, or 50 … or is 60 going to be the worst for you?
Thirty was a big fucking drama. Not so much because it was 30, but because of what was actually going on. At that point, I thought, *Gee, my teeth are falling out!* I didn't look quite the same, and I started to realize that gravity was beginning to have its say and catch up with me. That was scary. Especially when you have no discernable future. I was like, "Wow! Hmmm?" Forty was more like grim determination. Like, *All right, I'm in the thick of this disgusting shit work.* By the time I hit 50, I felt like I had done enough shit work. I thought, *I can't stand it anymore! I'm going to do what I want! Second childhood, here I come. Gee, I hope this turns out all right. Here we go!* It was unnerving. It was scary. But now I seem okay with it. I look back and think, *Okay, I did the right thing at 50. That was right.*
And 60?
Sixty looks like a preparation for a segue. But it will probably happen five or six years after that. I suppose once you hit 65, you're officially O-L-D! [*Laughs*] You know what I'm saying? Even at 61, 62, and 63, you can say, "Damn, he still looks pretty good! He's still got a young chick!" So I'm not sure how all this will work out.
Is it better to burn out or fade away?
Oh, I think it's best to just sneak out with as much shit that you can carry!

By Laura Leu

Brits & Ass

Thanks to a new sex trend, the British are coming (and everyone gets to watch)! It's about time we Americans got in on the action.

I just returned from a vacation in London, and I was a typical tourist: I took pictures of Big Ben, ate fish 'n' chips, and watched the Changing of the Guard. I also took a leisurely stroll through a park in the countryside, where I witnessed men jerking off to couples fucking each other's brains out.

This was no fluke. It's a phenomenon. *Dogging* is a growing sex trend in the U.K. that combines exhibitionism, voyeurism, and a whole lotta wet-naps. In locales like car parks, couples regress to their horny high school days of boinking in the backseat—only now, they've kicked it up a notch by allowing others to watch and, occasionally, join in. Couples use signals to communicate whether people can watch and wank (interior light is on), or fondle and fuck (car door is open, or windows are rolled down).

My friend Jack, a 24-year-old finance guy from New York, had his dogging cherry popped on a recent business trip to London. He was at a club one night when a hot little tart began flirting with him and suggested they go dogging. He had never heard of the term, so she described it in detail. To prove that he had been paying attention, he later ate her vulva in her Volvo. Hers was one of five cars in a park just outside London, and they shagged with the lights on, allowing voyeurs to wank to this Yank. Afterward, they noticed another couple going at it with their door open, meaning, "If this car is a-rockin', please come a-knockin'." That's exactly what Jack and his lass did: The ladies situated themselves in the backseat, legs hanging out the door on each side, and the men took turns doing each of them, running back and forth from one side to the other. Imagine a Chinese fire drill—with a lot more sex.

"British couples are regressing to their horny high school days of boinking in the backseat—only now, they've kicked it up a notch by allowing others to watch them and, occasionally, join in."

Public Displays of Erections

Dogging has been around for as long as people have been fucking al fresco. But the term originated in the early seventies, when there was a boom in couples being spied upon at "Lovers' Lanes" and other make-out points. Nowadays, Peeping Toms don't have to lurk—they're being invited, thanks to the Internet. (Lord knows it was only a matter of time before it became useful.) Dogging Websites have been popping up faster than voyeurs' erections. Sites like Dogging-Central.com and SwingingHeaven.co.uk allow users to scope out locations and post messages telling other pervs where they'll be screwing. Picky doggers use the sites to specify what types of people they're interested in. Take Jane and Kevin, a kinky couple in their thirties who posted an ad on SwingingHeaven seeking four males in South Nottingham to beef up their dogging escapade. Specifically, they're looking for "non-hairy, heavy cummers between the ages of 18 and 40." Jane says she doesn't swallow, but males who've had a vasectomy "stand the chance of filling [her] with cum."

Taking the Doggers for a Transatlantic Walk

My friend Jack loved his dogging tryst so much, he tried to bring it back to the U.S.—unfortunately, without much luck. After posting an ad on CraigsList.org seeking doggers, the only responses he received were from those questioning what dogging was, and from others wanting to do him doggie-style.

It's hard to believe that the British—a group of people so uppity and refined that they have a time reserved for drinking tea—could be such kinksters. But the reason for the dogging phenomenon, according to Dr. Richard Byrne, a sociologist who has studied public sex environments, is the rampant media attention following a few celebrity-dogging exposures. (Stan Collymore, a famous soccer player, has admitted in interviews to dogging.) "This has brought attention to people who were otherwise oblivious," says Doc Byrne. "Principally, it has raised the expectation of anonymous sexual experiences." So until *Us Weekly* catches Demi and Ashton humping in their SUV in front of a crowd ("Celebrities—they fuck just like us!"), Americans might have to cross the pond to get their dogging on. Just don't forget to pack the wet-naps.

We're looking for the hottest girls in America. **Go to PenthouseModels.com**

FAST LANE

Being Pet of the Month is a dream come true for Charlie Laine. "For years, I've wanted to be in *Penthouse*," she says. "I get turned on just thinking about all the guys who'll see me!"

Photographs by Brett Bereny

"Making love is always exciting for me," Charlie tells us. "But I'll never forget the first time I enjoyed anal sex. It was the hottest experience I ever had!"

The Wisconsin native wants to visit Paris, the Bahamas, and New Zealand. "But Las Vegas is my favorite," she says. "You can party all night, and naked girls are everywhere!"

"I'm wild, outgoing, and a very sexual person," Charlie says. "And I love to be swept off my feet." See more of our sexy Pet at Penthouse .com/charlie.

MISS CHARLIE LAINE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Charlie

VITAL STATS:
22 years old, 32B-23-33

FAVORITE FOODS:
Italian and Japanese

FAVORITE DRINK:
tea

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D:
invest most of it, and go shopping with the rest.

PET PEEVE:
liars

FAVORITE TV SHOWS:
SpongeBob SquarePants, Aqua Teen Hunger Force, King of the Hill

FAVORITE MUSIC:
Tom Petty

FAVORITE SPORT:
sex games!

FAVORITE VACATION SPOT:
Amsterdam

MISS CHARLIE LAINE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Love, Lust, and Hot Sex

As Valentine's Day rolls around, romance is everywhere, which leads me to wonder: Is sex better when you're in love? Most of my friends answer with an emphatic *yes,* so let's break out the champagne, chocolate, and roses and get down and dirty!

Dana, a pregnant, married woman in her late twenties, insists that being in love is the key to the best orgasms. "First of all, when you're in love, you can't think about anything except how much you love that person," she enthuses. "That helps you forget all about your body-image issues, and anything else that would hang you up and prevent you from having an awesome orgasm.

"When you're in love, you orgasm ten times harder because you are just so psyched to be having sex with that person," Dana continues. "And it frees you up to be more kinky because that element of trust is there. I've never written erotica, but the stories I come up with when I'm in bed with my husband are red-hot—just ask him."

According to Caroline, it doesn't necessarily have to be love, but there needs to be some kind of strong emotion present. Indifference just won't do the trick. "The best sex is either with someone I'm in love with, or someone I really hate," she says, laughing. Huh? For her, it's all about emotional extremes: Getting fired up, whether with lust or anger, is enough to get her body raring to go. Anyone who's ever had make-up sex—the kind where you rip each other's clothes off and fling yourselves around the room in your race to the orgasmic finish line—knows this firsthand.

Diana's whole life, including sex, is better when she's in love. "When I'm truly in love, everything my lover and I do takes on a glow," she says. "The sex is intensified. Even if we're doing something in bed that I've done with other guys, there's that feeling of not wanting to take my hands off him for a second. I become just as horny and greedy as he is." Diana admits she can't always keep her passion confined to the bedroom. "We sometimes have to be careful not to get in trouble in public places, like the movie theater," she confesses. "When it's just someone I'm dating casually, I save it for the bedroom. Even though that can be fun, it doesn't take over my life in the same way. When I'm in love, I'm thinking about the guy 24/7, which makes me turned on all the time."

Being in love also means feeling safe, which, rather than leading to cozy domesticity, can often lead to wild sex. Many women will try new things only if they're in bed with someone they love and trust. Says my friend Natalie, "Sex is more exciting when you're in love because you feel comfortable sharing your desires with your boyfriend. I can experiment because I know my boyfriend cares about what turns me on—he's not just living out some lifelong fantasy." Then she adds, "Even if we wind up falling into a bit of a routine, the sex can still be fabulous—hitting the snooze button every morning so that you have just a few minutes to get each other off is a wonderful thing."

When I'm in love, I want to go the extra mile to please my partner, and I will go out of my way to make sure he's satisfied. Once, when my boyfriend was sick, I dressed up as a slutty nurse, fed him some chicken soup, then gave him a blowjob. Believe me, his symptoms were soon forgotten. Would I have done that for just anyone? No, and he knew it. True love and hot sex go hand in hand, so keep that in mind when you prepare to seduce her all over again on February 14.

"Once, when my boyfriend was sick, I dressed up as a slutty nurse, fed him some chicken soup, then gave him a blowjob. Believe me, his symptoms were soon forgotten. Would I have done that for just anyone? No."

Illustration by Janet Woolley

High-tech Renegade

Striking a menacing pose like no BMW you've ever seen, the K1200R has a wickedly aggressive mechanical personality to go with its heavy-metal appearance.

Long ago in the dusty history of motorcycles, inventive types undertook all manner of wild engineering experiments to trick out their rides. They experimented with suspension designs, frame architectures, and even stuck the engine on the front wheel—which was, apparently, unsuccessful.

Now, most manufacturers tend to follow the same overall design. From sport bikes to cruisers to touring bikes, there are few variations in basic engineering. Most differences are in the details.

Then there's BMW.

This plucky Bavarian company—which supposedly builds cars, too—has messed with conventional engineering practices more than any other motorcycle manufacturer, introducing bells and whistles like fuel injection, antilock brakes, unusual suspension designs, and even weird-ass turn-signal controls. Its engines have likewise been unique. Unfortunately, the two things you *could* count on with BMW were mundane performance and fairly conservative styling.

By Bill Heald

Armed with 163 horses and a suspension that adjusts on the fly, this Beemer pulls like a locomotive, yet corners like a middleweight sport bike.

The K1200R pours delicious stout beer all over these old notions, then beats them to the curb with God's own bratwurst. Based on the K1200S chassis—BMW's first true superbike, which rolled onto the scene last year—the R is a pumped-up, bad-boy techno-freak of a motorcycle. This is no gentleman's touring mount, although a gentleman can certainly tour on one, especially if he partakes of the vast warehouse of

This starts with a 1,157-cc inline four-cylinder engine that's tilted forward an aggressive 55 degrees and pumps out 163 horsepower at the crankshaft. Fuel injection and BMW's slick Engine Management make throttle response smooth, immediate, and linear. This creature's manners are genteel at low revs in traffic, but at 6,000 rpm, the mill comes to life with a throaty intake rear and thrust that is so intoxi-

you lean into the breeze.

BMW's unique suspension includes their Duolever, double-A-arm front unit that separates steering forces from suspension movement for a controlled ride that is as supple as the steering is responsive. Although this bike looks several blocks long, it turns like a middleweight sport bike. The icing on the cake is the optional Electronic Suspension Adjustment system. By touching a button on the handlebar, you can alter shock-damping through normal, comfort, and sport modes on the fly. This is an innovation that works brilliantly. You can firm things up when charging into corners, and switch to comfort when urban potholes appear. BMW's ABS brakes are similarly state of the art, and slow the R's considerable mass with bacon-saving swiftness.

BMW Motorcycles

The Ultimate Corvette

The new Z06 is a 198-mph rocket that eats pavement, carves corners, and accelerates like no other Corvette before it. GM is calling it the fastest production car in its history.

Chevrolet has really done it this time. On the 50th anniversary of the first Corvette V-8, the company has chosen to introduce the quickest, fastest, and most scientifically advanced Corvette ever.

Lightweight materials—carbon fiber, aluminum, titanium, magnesium, and even balsa wood—give the 3,130-pound Z06 a weight-to-power ratio of a mere 6.2 pounds per horsepower. That translates into a zero to 60 time of 3.7 seconds in first gear, mind you, and a quarter-mile time of 11.7 seconds at 125 mph—quicker and faster than a $185,000 Mercedes-Benz SL65. Those same light-

By Jim McCraw

weight materials help the Z06 get fuel economy of 16 city and 24 highway, numbers that are simply out of reach for most supercars. Its owners will pay no gas-guzzler tax.

The LS7 seven-liter (427-cubic-inch) small-block V-8 engine is unlike any the company has ever built. Every engine is hand-assembled using premium parts and systems. Each is tested to generate 505 horsepower at 6,300 rpm, and 470 foot-pounds of torque at 4,800 rpm. It uses sophisticated electronic fuel injection and engine management, plus dry-sump lubrication like that in most race cars, to keep a constant supply of cool, pressurized lubricant flowing, no matter how hard the car is cornering. The system also helps to lower the car's center of gravity.

It has a free-breathing, four-pipe exhaust system, with two valved inboard mufflers that make even more music after a few seconds at full throttle. The engine, transmission, differential, and steering box each have dedicated coolers. Clearly, the Z06 is designed to be driven by auto enthusiasts at very high speeds.

The chassis was developed in Michigan, Virginia, Arizona, Canada, and the Nordschleife section of the Nürburgring in Germany. With a wider track width, bigger tires, stiffer shocks and springs, and larger stabilizer bars, the Zee-Oh-Six can achieve lateral acceleration of more than one g on the skidpad. It has 18- by 9.5-inch alloy wheels, with 275/35ZR18 tires at the front; and 19- by 12-inch alloy wheels, with 325/30ZR19 tires at the rear. This is the largest wheel-and-tire combination ever offered on a Corvette. The Goodyear run-flat tires eliminate the weight of a spare tire, jack, and inflator kit. Several levels of brake- and throttle-intervention yaw control are available for track days.

Stopping is by the trainload. Four-wheel ABS disc brakes on the Z06 consist of 14-inch vented and cross-drilled front rotors, and 13.4-inch vented and cross-drilled rear rotors, versus the 12.8-inch front and 12-inch rear rotors on the regular Corvette. The front rotors use red-painted, six-piston calipers and six individual brake pads because they wear better than single-piece pads. In the rear there are four-piston calipers and four individual brake pads.

The new Z06 has a wider front fascia with a larger grille opening, a splitter along the bottom, and wheel opening extensions to provide aerodynamic downforce. The front and rear fenders are three inches wider than standard, with a large air extractor behind each front wheel. The wider rear fenders with flares cover the fat rear tires, and there's a brake-cooling scoop in front of the wheels. There's a tall rear spoiler and four large stainless-steel exhaust outlets out back. Look on the front fenders for the big Z06 badge.

Inside, the Corvette has electronic gauges and a 7,000-redline tachometer, with a new readout scale on the oil-pressure gauge to reflect the higher pressure of the dry-sump oiling system. It features a small-diameter, racing-style, three-spoke steering wheel. Seats are two-tone leather, with Z06 logos. Seat-side bolsters hold the driver in tight when cornering, with power adjustment only on the driver's seat.

Standard equipment is generous: High-Intensity Discharge (HID) lighting, fog lamps, left-right air conditioning, cabin air filtration, and the industry's slickest head-up display (HUD). It offers a track mode and an onboard g-meter. Z06 options include a Bose audio system with an in-dash six-CD changer, polished wheels, a telescoping steering wheel, heated seats, side air bags, a navigation system with GPS, a universal remote, and XM satellite radio.

Recently, we had the opportunity to wring the Z06's thick, hairy neck at Virginia International Raceway—one of the tracks where it was developed by Chevrolet's Corvette

group—with driving tips from factory Corvette racers, American Le Mans Series champions, and 24 Hours of Le Mans champions Johnny O'Connell and Ron Fellows.

The rambling VIR course offers plenty of fast corners, elevation changes, blind places, and heavy braking. There's a long, long uphill front straightaway that never seems to end, punctuated with a couple of interesting whoopee rises. It has more than three gorgeous, toothy miles of E-ticket ride and half a dozen Z06s to try out. Essentially, it's an ideal place for this Corvette to show us its stuff.

The Z06 is so easy to drive fast that it puts other supercars to shame. The clutch feel and effort are nice and light, the six-speed manual gearbox shifts slickly and easily, and the engine response is immediate and thunderous. The small-diameter steering wheel takes your input directly to the huge, sticky tire treads, and feedback from the chassis is clear and instant. No fuss. No drama. It's just a pure American sports car, doing its job after 50 years of continuous development.

On a long, fast racetrack the size and shape of VIR, there is so much grip coming up from the chassis and monster tires, so much engine torque coming off the slower corners, and so much power in those huge brakes that a decent driver can hit 150 mph after just a few familiarization laps.

One of the additional benefits of such a strong, lightweight car is that the heavy-duty suspension doesn't intrude on the occupants of the cockpit beyond reason. That means a nice, smooth ride over most road surfaces. We pounded the Z06 as hard as we dared on the two-lane blacktop roads of Virginia and North Carolina near the VIR facility, and our reward was a pretty soft ride, combined with lightning-quick side-to-side moves and face-flattening brakes.

We saved the best part for last. The world's greatest sports car value is the Z06, at an MSRP of $65,800. It's half the price of a Ford GT and $20,000 less than a Viper.

The free-breathing, four-pipe exhaust system under the Z06 (above) features valves in the two interior pipes that open up to make even more music at full throttle. The seven-liter, 427-cubic-inch V-8 engine in the Z06 (right) makes 505 horsepower at 6,300 revolutions per minute, and 470 foot-pounds of torque at 4,800 rpm. It's the largest small-block V-8 engine that GM has ever built. (Below) The view most other cars will have of the Z06 on the streets.

Photographs courtesy of General Motors

Visit me at my new personal website!

Pet of the Year
2006
Runner-up: Cassia Riley

Want to see more naughty pictures of me and my friends? Then come to my new website, *SexyCassia.com!*

You can watch steamy videos where I strip naked and play with some new toys, see many hot new photosets and candid photos and read my personal blog. So, come see me at *SexyCassia.com!*

Hugs & Kisses
Cassia Rae

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Pet of the Year

"I'm funny, nerdy, perverted, sweet, genuine, happy, loving, caring, and really crazy," this 34-25-34 Southern California girl says. "And I'm the horniest girl around. I don't even have the patience to sit through a movie if I'm at home with a guy. I'm usually ignoring the movie and making my own sex scene!"

"I'm low-maintenance," Cassia says. "I love Mexican food from Del Taco, and I enjoy staying home and having as much wild, dirty sex as possible!"

"I'll be so happy when I find the man of my dreams who I can spoil 24/7," Cassia adds. What kind of guy can please our Pet? "I want a big, sexy, rough-looking guy with a ton of tattoos. I can't resist someone with bad-boy looks who has a sweet side."

Cassia's ideal date would be "a romantic dinner because I love to eat. Afterward, we'd go back to my place and I'd let him have dessert … me!"

"I'm devoted to *Penthouse,* and I love what I do," Cassia says. "This is the perfect job. I love thinking about all the sexy guys who will be looking at my photos. Besides, what other job would let me be naked all day?" Can't get enough of Cassia? We can't blame you!

See her pictures and videos at SexyCassia.com

TECHNOMANIA

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century

The Right Stuff

At home or **on the go,** these high-end products will help **maximize** your lifestyle.

Gennum's nXZEN PLUS Bluetooth headset looks cool and claims the most powerful noise reduction on the market. The patented FrontWave Extreme algorithm technology creates a hyperdirectional pickup beam for the speaker's voice as it blocks out ambient noise. You can also listen to MP3s or CDs while you place and receive calls. The lightweight unit provides seven hours of talk time and 100 hours of standby. $159.99. Gennum.com

Take advantage of your cell phone's service with Uniden's ELBT595 5.8-GHz, Bluetooth-enabled docking station. Use your Bluetooth-ready cell phone to make and receive calls at home by connecting wirelessly to your cordless phone system. It supports up to ten additional Uniden ELX500 handsets. The system is compatible with a wide range of Bluetooth-enabled cell phones and headsets. $249.99 for ELBT595; $99.99 per ELX500 handset. Uniden.com

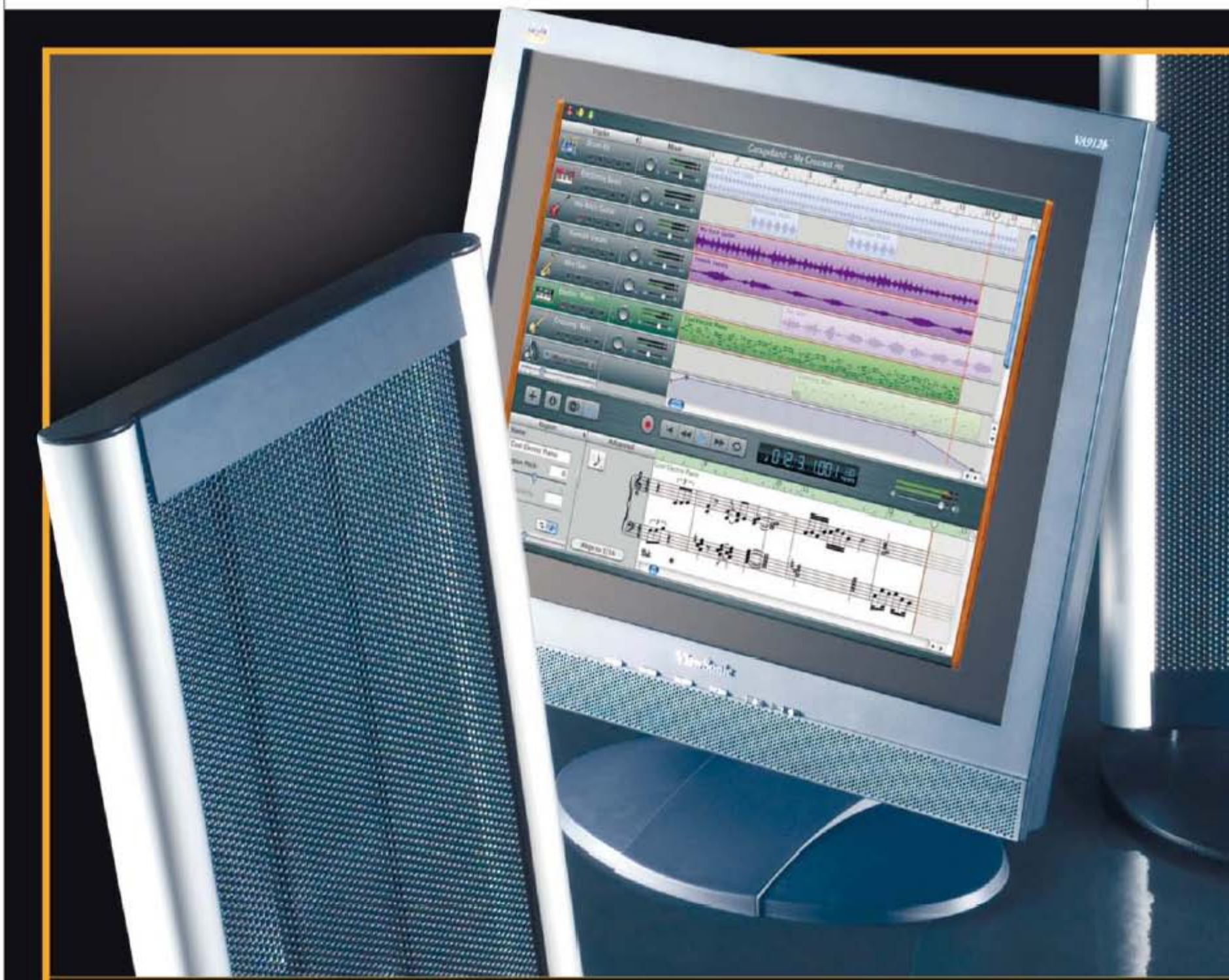
The scala-rider Bluetooth headset by Cardo Systems is specially designed for motorcycle helmets, so you can take or make calls while you're on your bike. Use the voice-control option to accept or reject calls without letting go of the handlebar. Cardo has also embedded automatic volume-adjustment technology, which controls the speaker volume according to ambient noise. It works for seven hours between charges. $149.95. CardoWireless.com

Homeland Security

Whether you're in or out, it's no one's business but yours.

MailboxCam is a portable, bubble-like wireless camera that sends video to a transmitter for real-time remote viewing or recording. You can use it to view your mailbox or to avoid unexpected guests. The camera transmits on 2.4 GHz at an open distance up to 300 feet and uses AA batteries. $199.95. WirelessImaging.com

Intermatic's **HomeSettings** wireless control devices use radio frequency to turn appliances and even lights on and off via remote control. The system is convenient and is great for home security. Two-way feedback lets you know if the signal has been received. Systems start at $100. Intermatic.com



The **Model 400i** high-definition electrostatic speakers by **Final Sound** employ an exclusive, patented Inverter Technology to broaden sound while utilizing low-power amplifiers. The frequency range is 65 Hz to 25 kHz. Each 12-pound speaker measures 48 inches high, ten inches wide, and a slim three inches deep. Two are powered by a 12-volt power supply and can be configured to suit any arrangement. $3,000 per pair. FinalSound.com

ViewSonic's **VA912b** LCD is an all-in-one solution for your computer. The 19-inch multimedia display uses ClearMotiv technology for crisp, 16-ms video response to deliver full-motion video at 50 fps. It has DVI and VGA inputs for importing video or television. This space-saving monitor has a 160-degree viewing angle and is one of the few to feature dual-integrated stereo speakers. $379. ViewSonic.com

The **iControl** from **M-Audio** is an affordable mixer for computer-centric musicians. It's a dedicated hardware controller designed for Apple's GarageBand music software. Mixing controls include volume, solo, mute, eight sets of track controls, fade, pan, EQ, and effects. The iControl connects via USB or MIDI keyboard to the five-pin MIDI input, and supports any GarageBand instruments. Requires GarageBand 2.0.1. $179.95. M-Audio.com

Data to Go

From cookies to music, these flash cards help you stow your stuff.

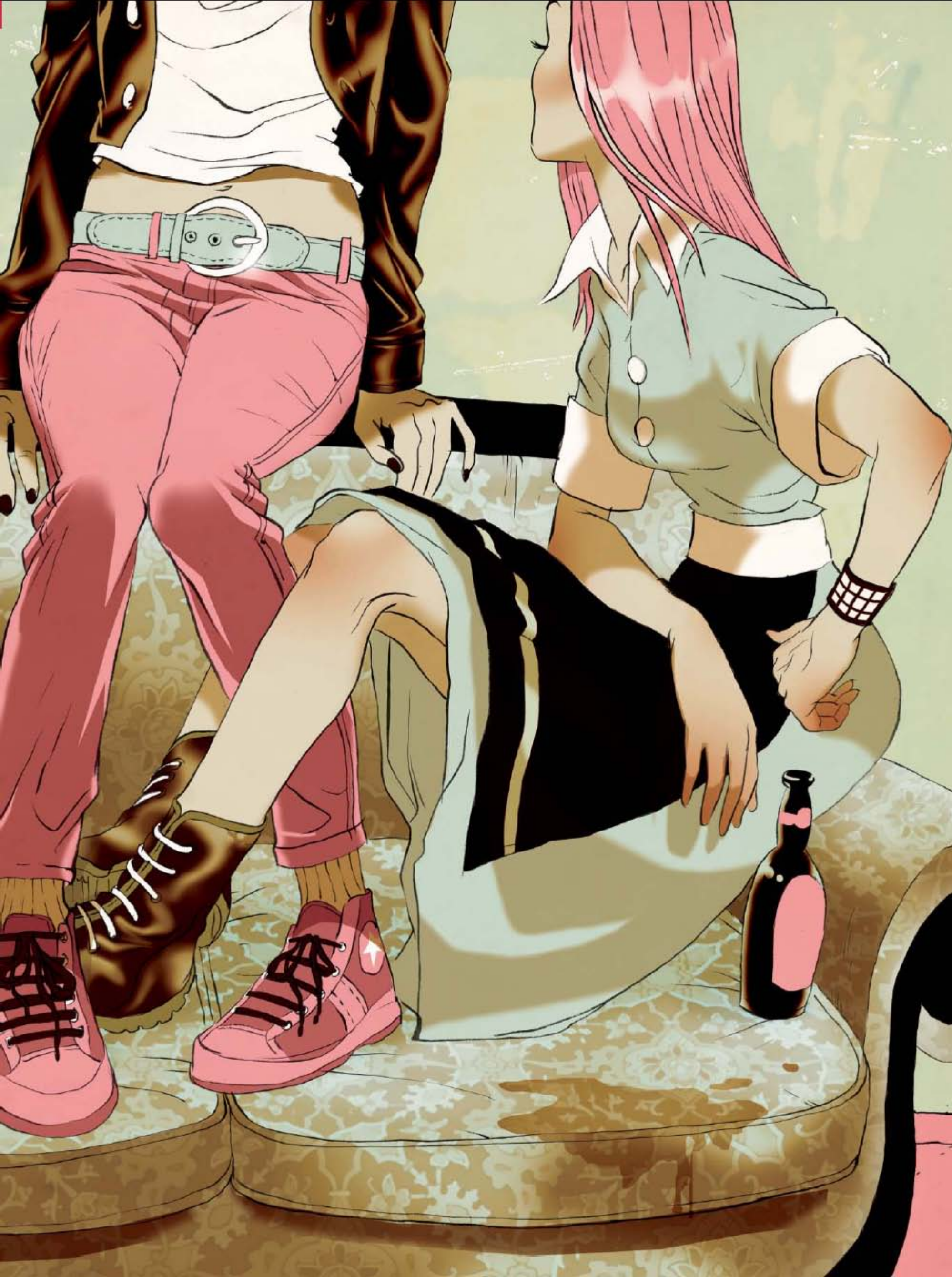
Now you can surf the Internet anonymously with **StealthSurfer II**. This thumb-size USB 2.0 flash drive has its own high-speed browser and identity protection from **Anonymizer,** so you can surf on any PC without revealing your cookies or your personal information. $99 for 128 megabytes of memory. StealthSurfer.biz

SanDisk's **Ultra II SD Plus** flash card with built-in USB 2.0 connectivity works in any SD slot. Just fold the card in half to expose the USB connector, then plug it into any USB port to transfer pictures, music, or files between computers, digital cameras, and other electronic devices. 512 MB, $79.99; one GB, $134.99. SanDisk.com

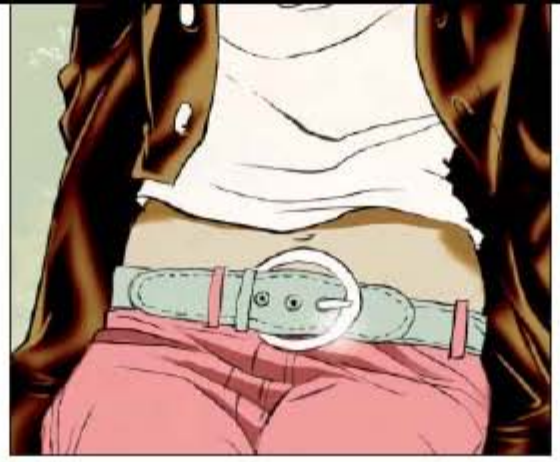
the PANTS girl

Fiction by **Rachel Kramer Bussel**

Girls in skirts are generally easy to figure out—they'll grab my hand and slide it under their panties. But this one was harder to figure out.... She was hot, yet I wanted her to keep her clothes on, those clothes that hugged every curve. Illustration by **Tomer Hanuka**



I usually go for girls in skirts, girls whose legs peek out from all manner of clingy fabrics—legs I can imagine sliding my hand up, up, up and meeting a hot, wet pussy that I can taste, twirl, and play with to my heart's delight. Girls in skirts invite this kind of speculation as they sashay down the street, with only a slight breeze standing between them and a peek at their lacy, pretty panties.



"I realized I had my hands full.... hips down, pushing against me

Girls in skirts are much more likely to be flirts. They try to get me going with a carefully placed twitch as they inch up their skirts just enough for me to catch a glimpse of thigh. Skirt girls bring out my most aggressive side. Even though I'm one myself, I feel a flush of heat pass through me when skirt girls, whether in thrift-store dresses, clingy minis, or prim to-the-knee office numbers, pass by me. Skirt girls make me wish I were a boy, wish I could grab them and shove them up against the wall to find out exactly what's happening underneath their hems. But this story isn't about a skirt girl. It's about another kind of tease entirely—a pants girl.

Shana was wearing pants that were clearly not from this era, with a slight resemblance to bell-bottoms that curved along her tender ass. Her ass wasn't big, but it was perfectly rounded; it wasn't flat, which is all the rage but does nothing for me. These pants made me want to *wear* pants, to be a pants girl. They made me realize that for all the allure of the skirt, pants could cling and tuck and bend in ways a skirt just couldn't do. In addition to her pants, Shana wore a seventies-style shirt, a burnt-orange color covered in white beads that clung to her breasts with tenacity. She looked like an extra from *Charlie's Angels*, a 1970s hot mama ready to take me for a ride. I couldn't take my eyes off her legs, her ass, covered in those gorgeous pants as she danced at the annual dyke rock festival, shaking her hips as her drink sloshed around in its red plastic cup.

We were in that kind of crowd where the butches and the femmes pick sides. But Shana was a free spirit, shaking her ass in the midst of a group of freaks who didn't care what the rest of the crowd was doing. She raised a hand in the air, trying to hold on to her cup, her ass jutting out. I'd been talking to some friends, but stopped abruptly when I noticed her, my eyes glued to the way her clothes clung to every feminine curve. Though she wasn't wearing a skirt or any makeup, she was clearly a femme: Her hair was flopping down around her in pigtails; her face was sunkissed and healthy, with a perfectly earthy glow.

She looked over at me with a brief smile before she closed her eyes and threw her head back. I knew I'd have to be the pursuer if I wanted to start something, which I most definitely did.

I pushed my way through the crowd, clumping along in my black combat boots. Normally, I stood to the side, watching the dancers, never admitting to my deep-seated self-consciousness. But this time, I threw myself into it, matching her beat for beat, showing her that even though I was in a dress straight out of the closet of a 1950s housewife, I was truly a modern girl.

I grabbed her a few times, gave her a twirl, copped the lightest of feels—the kind that would make her wonder whether it was her imagination, whether I meant it or was oblivious to her beauty.

She finished her drink and tossed her cup to the ground, closed her eyes and proceeded to ignore me. She danced up a storm to her own unique beat. I did the same, not caring what my friends thought, knowing that the only way to woo her was to match her individuality with my own. Finally, hours later, the music stopped. She looked up at me, glowing with sweat, energy, and sass. She leaned up and kissed me on the forehead. Then I led her onto the street, onto my bike, and into my bed.

When I had her alone, I realized I had my hands full. Girls in skirts are generally easy to figure out—they'll grab my hand and slide it under their panties. But this pants girl Shana was harder to figure out. She straddled me, grinding her hips down, pushing against me until I was totally wet. I grabbed her hips and tried settling her onto my lap. She was hot, yet somehow I wanted her to keep her clothes on, relishing the fabric that hugged every curve. She leaned close and kissed me—a full, juicy kiss that made me topple backward.

We tumbled around on the bed, laughing, turning over and over, until finally I landed on top. I wedged my knee between her legs, pushing it up hard against her cunt. She instinctively hooked her legs over my shoulders.

Her huge breasts were straining under her shirt and I had to taste them. "Lift up your shirt," I said. A shiver raced through me when she quickly did as I commanded. Her breasts were barely covered by a wispy bra. Though they were big, they were clearly natural—full and round and perfect.

I planted my knees on her legs, keeping them pinned down as I pushed her luscious tits together and began attacking both nipples at once, peeling down the lacy edges of her bra with my teeth to take in the hard, pink nubs.

I licked them at first, my tongue darting out, tasting and teasing, before bringing my lips together to suck on them. I knew she'd be the kind of girl to go crazy if I so much as brushed against her nipples, and I was doing much more than that. I sucked passionately, kneading her nipples into dark red points before lashing them with my tongue.

"Yessss," she hissed as I twisted them

hard between my fingers, so hard I knew she'd feel it for days afterward. She welcomed the pleasurable pain, even as it made her tender buds stiffen. I loved how she didn't flaunt her tits in public, didn't have them practically hanging out as an offering to any horny passerby. Instead, she kept them covered, the full, rich orbs practically obscured by her plain orange top, just waiting for the right lover to come along and unlock their secrets. The more I twisted, licked, sucked, and bit, the wilder she became. She squirmed all around, making a pretense of wanting me to stop, but clearly desiring me to continue.

Finally, I paused. I reached my hand between her legs, pulling her now-wet pants tight against her pulsating pussy. She was practically dripping, melting, so wet that I knew she couldn't stand it, which is exactly where I wanted her. I was wet, too; my panties were drenched from having my face buried between those juicy tits, which were now glowing a gorgeous red.

"Turn over," I barked at her, not certain whether she'd comply.

She did, too caught up in her erotic trance to care what I'd do next, as long as I touched her somewhere, anywhere, along her blazingly hot skin.

I reached underneath her and unbuttoned her pants. She lay passively and let me do it. I went slowly, playing with her pussy, pinching her ass all the while. I felt her shuddering beneath me. When I finally eased those beguiling pants all the way down, I found only the flimsiest of panties, soaked through with her juices. I peeled those all the way off, too, and spread her legs, admiring the view of her pink pussy lips as she waited patiently for my next move. Holding the lips open with my fingers, I played with her wetness, stroking her, priming her. I slid a single finger inside her and it practically melted with the heat as she silently begged for more, her cunt tightening around me. I slid the finger out, trailing wetness along her inner thigh. Then I leaned down and licked along her slit, plunging my tongue inside her. She was sweet and salty, ripe in the best possible way. She eagerly pushed herself against my mouth, slick and delicious. I squeezed her ass cheeks, and gave them the occasional slap as I tasted her wildness.

Then I turned her over, needing to see her in every possible position. Her eyes were closed, her hands splayed out at her sides, her body totally serene as her pussy beckoned to me. Her hips arched involuntarily, and I pushed three fingers inside her, pressing and twisting as her cunt again tightened around me.

I didn't know her, not as well as I would come to, but for now, this was all I needed to know: She wanted me, was ready, willing, and needy. If I'd thought those pants did her body justice, they were nothing compared to what her naked body did to me, leaving me breathless.

She reached for me, her fingers grasping for contact as she grabbed my arm. I lay down beside her, nibbling her lips, whispering sweet nothings into her ear as I pressed another finger inside her.

"More, please," she said quietly, again sounding like a child but with an adult's manners and grace. Her voice broke as I quickly gave her exactly what she'd asked for. I pressed my thumb against her clit, pushing it deeply against her pubic bone, swirling it into ecstasy, before sliding that last digit inside. She took my whole hand like it was nothing, but we both knew it was much more than that. She clutched me tightly, her teeth clenched, eyes closed tight as she spasmed around me. I barely had to move. My knuckles grazed her most tender walls, brushing against her body's deepest secrets, making tears of joy form in her eyes. She let go of me and jerked backward, coming in a torrent of curses and contractions that left both of us speechless.

I held her afterward, cradling her in my arms as she curled up against me, gripping my thin cotton dress for dear life. I looked down at her, her shirt still pulled above her jutting breasts, her bottom half pale and bare. After seeing her so stark and vulnerable, so graceful even as she let everything go, I knew I'd never look at her in quite the same way again. But no matter what, she'd always be my favorite pants girl.

She straddled me, grinding her until I was totally wet."

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–Motor Trend, 2004

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A Deliriously Delectable Sapphic Showcase

EMILY MORTIMER

Forty-three years after the debut of legendary funnyman Peter Sellers's accident-prone Inspector Jacques Clouseau in the original *The Pink Panther,* Steve Martin steps into the character's infamous two left feet in a modern-day revisiting, also titled *The Pink Panther*. Unlike, say, the James Bond franchise, the *Panther* comedies are better known for a cartoon mascot than for knockout leading ladies, but 2006 *Panther* starlet Emily Mortimer is a down-to-earth ravisher whose sexy allure gleams as dazzlingly as the jewel of the movie's central heist. While Inspector Clouseau uncovers clues, Emily does not uncover her body, so do a little detective work and dig up the 2001 independent drama *Lovely & Amazing*. At the one-hour 19-minute mark, Emily strips completely nude and asks her boyfriend for a well-lit all-points evaluation of her taut tail, buoyant bosom, and delightfully fluffy muff. You'll crack more than your case over Emily in this *Amazing* scene, so don't miss the chance to inspect her.

"The loving young ladies share numerous intimacies, but never more incandescently than during their nip-to-nip, lip-to-lip lezfest at the 28-minute mark."

SHANNYN SOSSAMON

Ultra-exotic, superhumanly sexy eyeful Shannyn Sossamon descends into ancient limestone tunnels and graveyards beneath the streets of Paris in the supernatural thriller *Catacombs* and finds herself in a world of trouble. While Shannyn's explosive sensuality would certainly be enough to raise an army of the dead, the focus of *Catacombs* is spooky thrills, not handmade spills. For those, look no further than the comedy *40 Days and 40 Nights* (2002), wherein Shannyn tempts Josh Hartnett's character, who has sworn off intercourse for the duration of the title. In lieu of planting his seed, Hartnett has Shannyn lie back one hour and seven minutes in, then brushes her bare body with flower petals, treating us to teasing glimpses of her superbly succulent chest-blossoms. She'll have you whipping up sauce-a, man.

PIPER PERABO

Piper Perabo boasts a pair of the most appetizing bee-stung lips in cinema history; a lithe, athletic physique; and an air of carnal confidence. Her new British-lensed romantic comedy, *Imagine Me & You* (2005), puts a ticklish spin on a standard "runaway bride" plotline. Piper, playing a would-be wife, falls for the female florist (Lena Headey) who's been hired to decorate her wedding reception. Despite this potentially porntastic premise, you'll have to do a lot of imagining to extract any legit girl-on-girl kicks from *Imagine*. Piper and Lena's lezzie kisses never rise above the level of PG-13 intensity, and both babes keep their clothes on. Fortunately, you don't have to conjure a deliriously delectable sapphic showcase for Piper, as it already exists: the 2001 coming-of-age drama *Lost and Delirious* (below). Electrically embodying a teen-aged tit-and-clit connoisseur, Piper's character takes up with—and goes down on—her boarding school roommate, played by the volcanically voluptuous, mega-jugged Canuck Jessica Paré. The loving young ladies share numerous intimacies throughout the indie flick, but never more incandescently than during their nip-to-nip, lip-to-lip lezfest at the 28-minute mark. So go get *Lost*.

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Do you HATE Rejection by Women? Imagine, no more heartbreak, no more rejection, ever…

"The Amazing 'Natural Attraction Secrets' of a 5'7" Former Loser From Texas, That Literally Compel Beautiful, Desirable Women To *Approach You First*, Begging for a Date, No Matter Your Looks, Age or Income"

***WARNING**: When You Put These "Women Approach You Secrets" to Work You Must Be Careful Not to Attract TOO MANY Women Too Fast! Why would any sane man reveal these secrets in a **FREE Report** if they were true? Read my message below to find out…*

If you are frustrated with your relationships with women, and want to spend your time with **desirable women *who all approached you first***, this may be the most important message you ever read. Here's why:

My name is John Alanis, and I used to be a complete loser when it came to meeting women (even ugly ones). Whenever I saw a beautiful woman I got so scared, I literally made myself sick at the thought of approaching her. I'd walk away, wondering "what could have been" if I'd only had the "guts" to talk to her. **Maybe you've had a similar experience.** Here's what was even more frustrating: on those few occasions when I was "lucky enough" to get a "date" I never got a second one…. instead **she always told me what a "nice guy"** I was, but she "just wasn't attracted to me." And then she'd go moon over some "jerk" who cared nothing about her, and would *dump* her for her best friend at a moment's notice!

Has that happened to you? **It sucks, doesn't it?** But it gets worse… **what would happen next is,** one of these jerks would dump the woman I *secretly lusted after*, and she'd come crying to me, telling me what a great "friend" I was for "listening"… and she'd move to the next "jerk," crushing **my feelings** like a grape. The one time I did have a "steady girlfriend," I discovered **she was just using me for money,** even though I really didn't have much of that. She never had a problem taking what little I did have, though.

I was beginning to think I'd be "celibate for life," when an unusual thing happened that put me on the true path to "male liberation" and literally **allows me to attract any woman I want, on demand! And, I'm convinced any man can duplicate my success, no matter your looks, age, or income.**

Skeptical? I don't blame you… if you'd told me a few months ago I'd be able to compel desirable women to boldly walk up and talk to me, **I'd have called you a big, fat liar, right to your face.**

How I "Accidentally" Raised Myself From Failure to Success with Desirable Women

I've always been fascinated by psychology, and the one thing I've always had going for me is the obsessive will to learn new things. Anyways, I was at a seminar awhile back, listening to a short, fat, dumpy guy speak on the subject of advertising. What this guy had to say about what makes people "tick" was truly amazing… but what was even more amazing was the **reaction of all the women in the audience to him after he was done speaking!** They all rushed to him, vying for his attention. And these weren't ugly women…. they **were intelligent, desirable, *beautiful* businesswomen**… who all went "gaga" like little girls over this short, fat, dumpy guy! I watched him take the numbers of 3 drop-dead gorgeous women before he finally left. I had to know this guy's secret…. how could someone **that ugly** literally have hot, sexy women throw themselves at him?

The Amazing "Natural Attraction" Secrets of A Desperate Nerd From Texas!

Luckily, I was able to corner him before he left the room, and I somehow talked him into having dinner with me. As we sat down to eat, I asked him, point blank: "Look, you're not exactly the best looking guy in the world… **in fact you look sort of like a basset hound. Yet, you have hot women throwing themselves at you**… what's your secret? What do you do? And, will it work for me?"

He laughed when I said that. Then he told me something I'll never forget as long as I live: "John," he said, "I've been in advertising for a long, long time, and I've been involved in amazing research into what makes people buy things."

"The psychological processes that get people to buy are **the exact same processes that get women to become attracted to you.** I used to be a complete loser when it came to women, until I applied what I learned in my advertising career to my love life. And ever since then, the results have been phenomenal."

"The **truth is, every man is already 'naturally attractive'**… it's biologically programmed into us, much like it is with animals in nature. But, in our modern society we've gotten away from our natural instincts and are taught the opposite of what works."

"All you have to do is "switch on" the biologically programmed "attraction triggers" all women have deep inside, **then stand back and let them come to you. Looks don't matter, age doesn't matter, income doesn't matter… all those things we've been taught about 'dating' and 'romance' are just plain wrong. Stop dating, and start attracting… it's really simple."**

Most Men Do NOT Attract Women Simply Because They Were Never Taught How!

Then he told me step-by-step exactly how he attracted women, and how I could do the same. As he talked, I realized he **had truly, "cracked the code"** and that **attracting women was nothing more than a paint-by-numbers, step-by-step, brain-dead simple process. It works for every man** because you're already born with natural attraction that is genetically designed to "flip on" biological attraction . **It can't not work.**

Here Are A Few of These Remarkable Secrets

- **How to tap into your natural attraction to "magnetically draw" the most desirable women to you** (they'll come up and talk to you first, already "pre-disposed" to liking you…)
- The seven deadly turn-offs that will guarantee you instant failure with any woman (**if you're currently failing with women, it's because you're unconsciously broadcasting one… and probably more… of these attraction-killing turn-off's)**
- **The amazing "romance novel hero" secret** that will have **her thinking about you** (and ONLY you) even when you're not around (not one in a thousand men knows this simple secret, yet it's incredibly powerful—never be cheated on again)
- **Just looking for a "casual encounter?"** Here's how to tell (within 15 minutes) if she's open to being your **"adventure partner"** or **"special friend"** (and many more women ARE than you think) or if she's only interested in a committed relationship (this secret lets you avoid giving a woman "false expectations" so you won't "hurt" her like all those jerks out there do)

How to use a subtle "test" to discover if she's even qualified to spend time with you (this is the ultimate "turning of the tables"— women test men over and over…. now you get to test her to see if she's "good enough" for you… **and make sure she's not a stalker, gold-digger or psycho-path)**

- How to read little known female signals that let you **know she's attracted to you** (and why you must **act immediately** when you sense these, or risk losing a woman who wants you, now)
- Secrets to using your body language for **maximum "attraction effect"** (the wrong kind will **turn women off**… the right kind can have them flocking to you)
- **How to attract women by saying nothing at all!**
- Shy? **Here's how to use your "shyness"** to literally force women to chase you (they won't think you're "shy" at all, they'll think you're "mysterious" and "challenging" and wonder what it takes to get you to "open up!")
- **How to "position" yourself so multiple women compete for your attention** (never compete with other men again... now they can jealously watch women chase you, and wonder what YOUR secret is)
- **How to never be nervous or flustered** ever again when talking to women (when they approach you, it's remarkably simple to be calm, cool, and collected… you get to make the "rejection decision," not her)
- **How to never spend more than $1.84 on a "first date"** and have her thinking it was the best "date" she ever had (she'll be dying to see you again… IF you decide she's "your type," not the other way around)
- **How to create an "automatic referral system"** that *compels* your female friends to compete with each other to see **who can bring you the most women**

… and much more. Look, no matter if you want to **meet a woman for purely "physical reasons,"** or you truly, deeply want to **meet that "special woman"** to spend the rest of your life with these secrets have the power to…

Give You Absolute Power and Control Over All Your Romantic Outcomes For Life

Let's cut to the chase. You have just read a detailed description of these remarkable "natural attraction secrets" and what they can do for you. However, I must warn you, these secrets are not for everyone. If you're a guy who's out to hurt or "get back at women," you can stop reading now. **These secrets are only for guys who want to choose their own outcomes with women in a way that makes women feel really, really wonderful.**

Look, I understand you may find these secrets hard to believe. That's why I've put all the details of how you can put these "hidden secrets" to work for you into a 28 page report that is yours FREE for the asking. To have this incredible **FREE** report rushed to you at once via first class mail, simply call **1-800-452-8320 ext 205** for a 24 hour free recorded message. Or, you may go to **www.womenapproachme.com** and enter **Report Code 205 RIGHT NOW** to request it and instantly read a copy online. The number of men who will get this report is strictly limited. I don't want every guy out there in on my secrets. So, after this marketing test ends, I'm going to discontinue this report, until I'm sure all the men who've requested it are behaving responsibly. Don't risk being left out. Dial **1-800-452-8320 ext 205** now, or go to **www.womenapproachme.com and enter Report Code 205.** It doesn't cost you a thing.

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Sitting Pretty

Instead of attending the formal luncheon inside, Wanda and Anita slip away to the back porch of the grand old mansion to revel in the warmth of the sunny spring day. Under the cover of a sheer white canopy, the girls indulge in some playful tit for tat, teasing each other with butterfly kisses from their glossy lips to their polished toes.

Photographs by Ken Marcus

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

Wanda leans back and peels open the soft petals of her sex, offering Anita a glimpse of her arousal. Her sweet perfume mingles with the fragrant honeysuckle, stirring Anita's desire for pleasure.

In a ladylike fashion, Anita keeps her hat steady as Wanda licks small circles up her creamy thighs, the soft tickle moving ever closer to the pulsing

Feeling reckless and fancy-free, Wanda sloughs off her clothes—

Heavy Metal
Saved My
Life
Love

Service by Linda Giustino • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh

Her Deepest Desires: The Gifts Your Girl Craves

Chocolate and flowers again? We don't think so. This February, give her a gift that'll earn you a place in her heart (and between her sheets).

Head-Banger or Head of the Class?

Does your girl crowd-surf and break shit? Let your party girl know how much you appreciate her with this HEAVY METAL SAVED MY LIFE tee by Sarah Utter. Or if you prefer a girl with brains that match her beauty, see Utter's READING IS SEXY T-shirt on the next page. $15 each. BuyOlympia.com

Chain Her Up

The Trace double-wrap lariat circles her neck, then plunges down her torso and connects to a chain around her hips. The sexy jewelry comes in sterling silver and 14-karat gold, and looks hot under her clothes—or wrapped around her naked body. $325 for silver, $750 for gold. Jimmyjane.com

Customize It

Tired of her stealing your sweatshirts because they're so comfortable? Buy her this Paper Doll Fashion stretch cowl. She can choose the design and color of the fabric, cuffs, bottom ribbing, and stitching. It might sound like a lot of useless details to you, but for her, it'll be heaven. $45. BuyOlympia.com

Flowers Are Boring

Your naughty girl will love the Guilty Pleasures and Love Doctor Cookie Pots. Guilty Pleasures includes six chocolate chip cookies to satisfy her sweet tooth, Love Coupons for favors you're dying to give her anyway, Liquid Love Warming Massage Lotion, and handcuffs. The Love Doctor has similar goodies, like body candy that reads KISS IT, LICK IT, DIP IT, SUCK IT. $60 each. CookiePots.com

Punk Rocker

Your blue-haired babe will love cuddling up to this adorable hand-sewn Punk Rock Sock Monkey by Clarity Miller. $25. BuyOlympia.com

Cover Girl

These journals by Ex Libris Anonymous have pictures of nudie playing cards from the late 1960s on them. Whatever your preference—blonde, brunette, or redhead—you'll be so pleased with the cover, you won't care what's inside. $12. BuyOlympia.com

A Winning Combination

She loves chocolate; you love beer. This Valentine's Day, the world is a happier place because Sam Adams has combined the two to make Chocolate Bock, a beer brewed with fine chocolate. $15. SamuelAdams.com

Wireless Flowers

The handmade Queen Bee Creations Poppy Truckette bag comes in red, sky-blue, and black. Unfortunately, that means it'll even match *your* clothes when she makes you carry it while she's shopping. $58. QueenBee-Creations.com

There's Always Time for This

If your girl is always complaining that you don't spend enough time together, pick up Emily Dubberley's *Sex for Busy People: The Art of the Quickie for Lovers on the Go* (Fireside). It'll show you how to maximize your time together by perfecting your lovin'. After all, it's not the quantity of time you spend together, it's the quality. $10. SimonSays.com

Love in Bloom

Imagine this: You cook her a beautiful Valentine's Day dinner, followed by a delicious dessert and a relaxing cup of tea. Now imagine her surprise when a flower blooms in her teacup. Just place the handwoven tea cluster display tea in her cup, pour the hot water over it, and watch it unfold into a flower. If that's not romance, we don't know what is. $10. Adagio.com

Wrapped in Luxury

Keep her warm in this soft chartreuse stole, trimmed with hand-spun Muga fringe. Muga is a rare silk fabric believed to bring good fortune to the wearer. Its natural color is gold, and it's only harvested twice a year in a small valley in India. She'll be the envy of her friends—and you'll feel like a million bucks. $300. Indigo Handloom.com

A Face Only a Mother Could Love

She wants a dog, but you know you're the one who's going to end up taking care of it, especially when it needs to be walked at three in the morning. Buy her an Uglydog instead. These pups are so funny-looking that they're just begging to be loved and cuddled by your babe. Plus, they're housebroken. $20. Uglydolls.com

Stay Close to Her Heart

This tiny treasure-chest locket from LoveLocket comes in sterling silver or 18-karat gold, and holds up to nine pictures. Personalize it with a monogram on the front and an initial on each inside frame, then fill it with her favorite photos—or pics of her dog. Price varies according to personalization. LoveLocket.com

She Makes You Laugh
If you're dating a girl who's smart, funny, and sexy, she'd probably love a T-shirt from MissWit. 'Cause you can't help but love a girl whose tee or tank top reads IT AIN'T EASY BEING PRETTY AND IT AIN'T PRETTY BEING EASY. There's a wide variety of options, so something's sure to suit your witty girl. $15 to $18. MissWit.net

I Dare You
RECITE A POEM ABOUT MY BOOBS. GET OUT THE WHIPPED CREAM AND MAKE A SUNDAE OUT OF ME. Does she have to spell it out for you? She can with UnderDares, a line of hot shorts, Brazilian bikinis, and thongs. With plenty of phrases and colors to choose from, you can find the perfect one for your daredevil. $14 each. UnderDares.com

Makeup by Kim Bower/Williams Image Group • Hair by Rafael Jiminez for Illusions at Click/NYC

High Expectations

I joke frequently with my wife, Margaret, about her making out with my best friend. She is really a sexy woman, but she had an old-fashioned upbringing and acts like a prude. Even though she gratifies her voluptuous appetite when we go to bed—where she demonstrates a filthy imagination—she seems to feel obliged to play Goody Two-shoes at all other times, especially in public. For that reason, even though we had often discussed the fantasy of her fucking and sucking another man while I watched, I didn't think it would ever happen.

Margaret began working out at a gym two or three times a week, even though at 34 she's quite fit and has a great body. Every couple of months she gets measured to check on her progress. This had never been a big deal until recently, and the reason for that is the new instructor, a shy and quiet young man named Trevor who is in his early twenties.

Before long, Margaret and I were talking about a fantasy in which she seduces Trevor and fucks and sucks him in every way imaginable. This turned Margaret on immensely, and our sex life improved to no end. But, I told her repeatedly, our sex life would be enhanced tenfold if she ever lost her inhibitions and actually seduced Trevor.

I was further encouraged when Margaret proudly told me that after her last measurement, the other girls teased Trevor about trying to cop a feel. His hands had seemed to linger on Margaret's thighs and under her breasts while he took those measurements.

I told her that she should give the kid an experience to remember—let him cop a real feel. She laughed and blushed, and when I pressed her she admitted that she had shifted her weight a bit while Trevor's hand was on her ribs and he had brushed against a nipple. And when he was checking her legs, she said, she had felt the back of his hand brush against her crotch.

"We could really have a great threesome with this guy," I said. "Or I could just watch the two of you, if you'd like that better."

"We could really have a great threesome with this guy," I said. "Or I could just watch the two of you, if you'd like that better."

Margaret went beet-red when she told me, "I'd really like to, but I think I'd have to be extra horny to take the first step." She was thoughtful for a while, then said, "You can help me by turning me on, you know." I promised I would, and that night, during foreplay, I ran my hand from her stomach to her tit. I squeezed her nipple and told her that was what she should let Trevor do the next time. Then I moved my hand up her leg and stroked her thigh before placing it on her pussy. As she parted her legs, I told her that when Trevor measured her legs, she should bend her knees slightly so that his hands would slide right up to her hot spot.

Margaret called me at work on the day of her next measuring session. "Come on home for lunch and get me as horny as you can," she said. "I want to lose my inhibitions and get it on with Trevor."

We talked dirty and got turned on over lunch. I started playing with her nipples. Margaret moaned as I caressed her pussy. Her moans increased and she rotated her hips, ready for a farewell fuck. But I pointed out she'd be late if we did that. I gave her a flimsy set of silk underwear and told her to wear them instead of her sports undies. "Trevor will appreciate them," I said, and left the room so she could get dressed. When she came to kiss me good-bye, I tweaked her nipples until they were visible through her top and rubbed her pussy.

"I'm ready for Trevor now," she told me.

When Margaret came home a few hours later, she headed straight for the shower, as usual. Afterward she came out into the

living room in her robe. I asked her how her session went. She sat on the couch beside me and sighed deeply. "It went just fine," she said.

"How's Trevor?" I asked. She blushed and said nothing. "Look," I said, "whatever happened with Trevor is okay with me. I was the one who egged you on, remember? So you can tell me about it. That was supposed to be part of the fun, wasn't it?" I could feel her relax then, and as she told me what had happened, her nipples hardened under my fingers.

Margaret said that Trevor was busy with some other people when she arrived at the gym. She started to work out. The silk bra rubbed against her nipples and made them hard, and she knew they were visible to anyone who might happen to look at her. This thought, and the fact that her flimsy lacy panties were riding up into her pussy slit, made her wet.

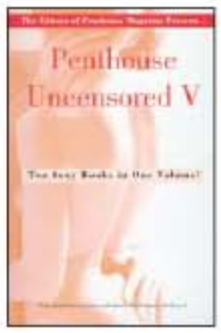
Trevor called to her to come and get measured. As she walked across the room, she felt Trevor's eyes on her swaying tits and nipples. Trevor reached around Margaret from the back to measure her, and in doing so he brushed a trembling hand against a stiff nipple. Then he put his other hand around her, ostensibly to retrieve the other end of the measuring tape. As he did so, he pinched one of Margaret's nipples. Then he quickly squeezed the entire tit. Then, she said, as Trevor pulled his hands away, he slid them down her sides and along her hips. Trevor knelt beside Margaret to measure her legs. When his hand was high on her leg, measuring her inseam, Margaret buckled her knees slightly so that his hand pressed lightly against her pussy. When he looked up at her, she closed her eyes and pressed harder against his knuckles. She softly moaned as he made contact with her slit. Trevor pushed his hand back and rubbed harder against her stiff love bud.

Margaret began to grind her hips on his hand. Trevor whispered to her, "Don't go anywhere. I'll be back." Then he went over to see off the last few women who were leaving. When the last woman left, Trevor locked the door, came up behind Margaret and caressed her ass, then ran a hand between her legs and rubbed her pussy. She moaned, and that got results. He pulled her sweatpants down to her ankles and started kissing the back of her thighs. Margaret spread her legs farther apart and leaned over the stool in front of her. Then Trevor kissed his way to Margaret's pussy and licked it through her panties.

Trevor pulled her panties down to her ankles and licked her pussy and thighs. She kicked the panties off and spread her legs. Trevor lay on his back and pulled her over him so that she straddled his head. Margaret said her pussy dripped on Trevor's face as he stuck his tongue up into her slit. At the same time, he slid his hands beneath her top, raised her bra above her tits, and played with her nipples. She ground her pussy as she came on his tongue.

When my horny darling caught her breath, she saw that the head of Trevor's cock was pushing up out of his sweats. She pulled the pants down below his balls, leaned over, and licked his hard shaft as she played with his balls. Trevor renewed his tongue action on her clit. Margaret told me she wanted him to come first, so she rubbed his cock as she licked the head. When he moaned and bucked, she tightened her grip and increased her speed until he grunted loudly and shot hot seed, which she gulped down as she came with him. When they caught their breath, Margaret wiped them both off with a towel, and they dressed and parted. They agreed that this should not happen again, Margaret said, but we both knew that with my help, it would.

As she told me the story, Margaret had been stroking my cock. I had two fingers diddling her hot pussy and my thumb on her clit. She started to tremble, and suddenly she pushed me onto my back. She dropped on my hard cock and rammed her pussy down onto it. I sucked her nipples as she rode me fiercely. Then she shouted as she orgasmed. I shot come deep into her hungry snatch. While she recovered her calm, I told her that next time I wanted to watch her and Trevor. She gave me a long, deep kiss.—*T.L., Petoskey, Michigan*



"When he looked up at her, she closed her eyes and pressed harder against his knuckles. She softly moaned as he made contact with her."

By Bill Schulz

TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Stephen Lynch

"Singing songs about politics just dates my songs. Giving birth to an ugly baby is universal."

With the nonthreatening good looks of a *Tiger Beat* pinup, bona fide acoustic guitar chops, and the tenor voice of an earnest pop star, Stephen Lynch sings about ugly babies, grabby priests, and pulling the plug on your grandparents to speed along your inheritance.

How do songs about Jesus's hard-partying brother and poisoning children on Halloween play in the Bible Belt?
Surprisingly well, actually. Every time I play a college around there, I get the same instructions from the adult portion of the student activities board, which is, "You know, we're a very conservative school, and the kids don't like to hear things that are too racy or over the edge." And it's always a lie. I just smile, nod, and say I'll take it into consideration, and then I get up onstage and try to be as disgusting as I possibly can. The faculty will walk out, but the kids always enjoy it.

There must have been some negative responses along the line, though.
Oh, yeah. I went to do the Kennedy Center once, and whoever hired me didn't really do any research because he booked me onto an afternoon show that was free and encouraged families and children to attend. I decided that the best way to do it was to just cut to the chase and start off with the worst possible song I could think of. I started singing a song called "Lullaby," about a father telling his daughter he's divorcing her mom because he likes whoring, and porno, and rubbing up against kids in a bus. And I almost saw it in slow motion—these hordes of parents running to their children, picking them up, covering their ears, and rushing out.

You were on Mitch Hedberg's last tour. Could you tell that all was not well with him?
I only knew of him before the tour, and we didn't really hang out together during it. Sometimes we'd have a couple of drinks after a show at a hotel bar. I could tell, with some of his performances, that he just didn't seem as alert or lucid as I would've expected him to be. But even at his worst shows, I'd sit by the side of the stage and watch him because he was so funny.

Ever taken a stab at writing a soulful ballad or a serious rock anthem?
Yeah, I have. And maybe I'll release them someday when I get tired of doing this. Eventually I'll let these songs out of their little cage. I guess I would have to use a different name. I've thought about going to a place where nobody knows who I am—which is most of the country, by the way—and walking into a little coffee shop and playing the non-funny songs to get a sense of what it's like.

What's one of your favorite mementos you've acquired from being out on the road and hobnobbing with the celebrity elite?
Gonorrhea. I don't display it prominently, but the medicine is in my bathroom cabinet. That's the most memorable thing I've picked up on the road.

What's the most embarrassing song on your iPod right now?
Hmm, good question. I have my iPod right here, so let me check. [*Scrolls through songs*] Well, the first thing that came on is "Friends" by Whodini, but that's not embarrassing at all. I like that song. Let me look through artists.

Any name that pops up and doesn't make you think "artist" is probably a good bet.
[*Laughs*] Yeah. I'm now curious as to what I should be taking off my iPod.... Oh, I've got a Dolly Parton version of "Stairway to Heaven." But that's kind of cool.

How do you deal with preshow jitters?
My rider states, "Two cases of Miller High Life and two packs of Marlboro cigarettes." That's all I really care about. So I just pace backstage, and I drink, and I smoke, and I go over my set in my head. I did Montreal's Just For Laughs festival last summer, and they provided me with some beer that I didn't realize had a higher alcohol content than I was used to. I just remember drinking four or five of them before the show and going, *Wow, I'm pretty fucked up right now.* And I ended up having one of the best sets of my life.

Photo courtesy of StephenLynch.com

When was the last time you had to apologize after sex?
When was the last time I had to apologize after sex? Huh, I dunno. I'd have to ask my wife. Hold on. [*Leaves the phone*] She says, "How dare you ask that!"

Take me through the genesis of the "Baby" song. I had a laugh-induced seizure the first time I heard it.
I live in a loft in Williamsburg, [Brooklyn], and we've got a huge wall full of pictures and paintings. And I saw a picture of my wife, as a baby, on the wall. Contrary to what you're already thinking, I thought she was the cutest little kid I've seen in my life. Then I thought, *But what if she wasn't?* How would you deal with having a really ugly fucking baby? So I wrote, like, 50 verses and scaled it down, and I ended up with what I had.

Your wife is a very pretty blonde, yet "Vanilla Ice Cream" is all about your desire for black—and only black—love. Was this just a phase during your single days?
I don't want to incriminate myself, but yes. I just threw my whole marriage out the window. The inspiration, though, was from a friend of mine who was in love with a black girl who worked near his cubicle. I think I came up with the "If you're a cracker, you better get blacker" line right when he was telling me about it. I'm also proud of the line "If you're a Nubian, I want you *to be in* every fantasy of mine."

Nice. You can't get that from a rhyming dictionary.
You know, you're absolutely right. Those just have to enter your brain.

Your mom and dad were a nun and a priest, respectively, before leaving the flock to make you. I assume they have critiques about the content of some—okay, *all*—of the songs you sing.
Once. I think it may have been the priest song. And it wasn't because of the religious content, but because my mom didn't think child molestation was something I should be joking about. And she was probably right. But they get a kick out of coming to my shows.

Are there topics even you won't sing about?
People always give me 9/11 suggestions. Comics can make jokes about it, and that's fine, but I don't know how I could possibly find something funny about it. And singing songs about politics just dates my songs. Giving birth to an ugly baby is universal.

Right. People could sing the ugly-baby song in Taiwan.
Especially in Taiwan. [*Laughs*] Nah, but that's offensive.

Stephen Lynch's latest album, The Craig Machine, *is on sale now.*

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By Ernest Volkman

Are the men and women who put their lives on the line in Iraq overpaid? That's the amazing conclusion of some of Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's advisers.

Wage War

There's a time bomb ticking away deep in the bowels of the Pentagon, and when it explodes, it may affect every level of the U.S. military, from senior officers to the lowliest private. That's because the bomb is the explosive issue of military compensation, or what everyone in uniform gets paid.

It began ticking about two years ago, when the chief aides of Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld got the perfectly stupid idea that U.S. military personnel are overpaid.

That would be news to soldiers, airmen, and Marines, many of whose salaries leave them eligible for food stamps and other welfare programs. They would also be surprised to learn that some Pentagon brains concluded that personnel with six or more years of service earn about $90,000 annually. How did they arrive at that incredible figure? Well, it turns out they added up the "dollar value" of everything connected with military compensation, including the costs of pensions, medical care, and other noncash intangibles. Then they divided that figure by the total number of men and women in uniform. Ergo, enlistees earn a lot of money, no matter what their bank accounts say.

The "experts" moved to cut. They told Rumsfeld that the entire military pay system must be overhauled, with the objective of trimming costs. The result was the classic Pentagon bureaucratic maneuver: the appointment of an "advisory committee" to study the matter. The function of such committees is to confirm the theories of decision-makers, while serving as a convenient scapegoat in case a political flap ensues.

Unsurprisingly, the committee concluded that Rumsfeld's advisers were right: Military personnel costs were too high and needed to be reined in. Specifically, they recommended that the 20-year retirement role be stretched (active-duty personnel now can retire after 20 years of service); that pensions to retirees be reduced to a percentage of their final pay; that retirees pay a larger share of their medical costs; that survivors receive reduced pay and benefits; and that Tricare, the military's health-care system, be scaled back. They also concluded that military pay should be tied to performance, and that pay rates should be adjusted to specialties. In other words, those with critically important specialities should get paid more than those without. A radar expert, for example, would be paid more than an infantry grunt.

As these governmental goings-on became known, service associations and veterans organizations reacted negatively. They've told Rumsfeld the committee's central ethos—that the military pay system should be remade to resemble the system of pay and benefits in the private sector—is idiotic. If anything, they noted, military personnel are underpaid. Plus, comparing civilian workers to military men and women, who literally offer their lives as a working condition, is nonsensical.

Later this year, the committee's recommendations are scheduled to be formally adapted by Rumsfeld's inner circle, which in turn will formulate a package of changes to be submitted to Congress—the ultimate arbiter of who gets paid what in the military. Judging by the violent reaction of service organizations, any package that reduces military compensation faces a very uncertain future.

By Ralph Gardner Jr.

Corporate Basic Training

Howard, a top corporate lawyer, describes her as "quite harsh, a pistol. She'll tear into you." Jeff, a Fortune 500 executive, says that the first time they had lunch together, she berated him. "She said, 'You're not making eye contact with me. If you want to look at your crotch, go to the bathroom.' "

The woman in question, Lynn Diamond, slaps some of the most powerful and successful men in America into shape—and charges them through the teeth for the privilege. She turns them into submissive puppies before she's through.

"[Lynn] charged $30,000 for six months of working with her," Jeff told us, adding, "And I re-upped for another six months."

Her willingness to inflict pain to the contrary, Lynn Diamond isn't a dominatrix. She's an executive coach and an industrial psychologist. What may be most surprising about her career, though, besides her brash behavior-modification techniques, is that most of her clients are already highly successful men.

People starting out in the workplace believe they screw up because they're young and inexperienced. But Diamond says that people 20 and 30 years into their careers still lack some of the most basic skills. So take heart. The secret is humility, which means admitting—first and foremost to yourself—what you don't know, and being open to learning.

Where her clients typically fall shortest, Diamond says, is in communicating with others. They're too focused on content, and not enough on context. "It isn't our words," she explains. "It's the delivery. It's the small things. Not looking someone in the eyes. Talking around the point."

For example, her client Jeff's problem was poor interpersonal skills. His coworkers gave him low performance grades, saying that, while he's a decent guy who meant well, his inability to communicate clearly left them baffled. "Listen to yourself as the other person hears you," Diamond instructs. "It's not about you. It's about that other person."

The other thing Jeff says he learned is that you have to be able to identify the communication styles of coworkers and bosses, and mold yours to fit theirs. Conventional wisdom says the way to bond with your boss is to find a shared interest—golf, for example—or to crack a joke. Yet some people, like Jeff's boss, are all business.

Jeff explains, "I changed my interactions to be more business-focused, much crisper and to the point."

Finally, Diamond taught Jeff how to sell himself. In a competitive environment, it's not enough to be good at your job; almost everybody is good at their job. You have to stand out. "It's called self-branding," Jeff says. "It's coming up with a personal marketing plan," and proving to others—especially key players in the company—that you're a go-to person who can get the job done.

What you wear is obviously part of that branding. But dressing for success is different than dressing to attract attention. That's exactly what you don't want to do, unless you're auditioning for the circus or a job in the fashion industry. "It's not about style. It's about making dress a nonissue," Diamond says. "You dress for your next job, not the job you're in." In other words, if you want to be the boss, dress like the boss.

Howard's problem wasn't a malfunctioning wardrobe, but an office that looked like it had been bombed. "It was a disaster area," he acknowledges. "Lynn sat down, grabbed the first piece of paper on my desk, and said, 'Who's going to do something with this?' " Whatever documents she didn't throw out, she told Howard to either act on them or delegate the job to somebody else.

While Diamond's advice didn't come cheap, Howard says he was able to amortize the cost by applying some of her suggestions at home.

"I found myself delegating more things to my wife," Howard confides. "I'd say, 'Get this done.' " But, quickly drawing on some of those pricey new interpersonal skills that Diamond helped install, he adds, "I did it more delicately than that."

"This executive coach slaps some of the most powerful men in America into shape, turning them into submissive puppies—and charges them through the teeth for the privilege."

Illustration by Chris Gall

By Aaron Karo

Grad Schooled

In only a few short months, college seniors across the nation will engage in the rite of passage known colloquially as "Holy Fucking Shit, I Have to Get a Job!" After all, it's never a pleasant moment when you realize that four years of studying keg-tap repair won't get you that plush corner office you were hoping for. Unless, of course,

you go to work for a keg-tap repair company. In which case, could you pass on my résumé?

In my last column, I answered a question from a harried reader who was frustrated with the on-campus recruiting process. Since then, I have thought of a better response: Why bother interviewing at all? Or, more directly, who needs a job anyway? Have you considered the alternative? It's called grad school, or, as I like to call it, "Diet Life." Here are your options:

Business school: Ask any MBA student what the benefit of business school is, and they'll all say the same thing: networking. You get to meet a lot of other people who are also too lazy to get a real job and discuss what you would theoretically do if you ever become a big boy.
Benefit: Most business schools don't even give out grades.
Drawbacks: Many MBA students are uptight and wear loafers. But on the bright side, every Thursday night there's an open-bar "networking" event. And one man's networking event is another man's opportunity to bang your hot Brazilian microeconomics professor.

Medical school: Are you a masochist? Do you enjoy long stretches without sleep? Does the sight of bloody, bulbous tumors turn you on? Then med school is for you! Five of my best friends are doctors who just graduated from medical school and, let me tell you, they are out of their fucking minds. I thought they'd get a white lab coat, a cool stethoscope, a few giant textbooks, and be able to just coast for at least the first few months. One of my buddies cut into a cadaver on her first day of class! Which is why I can confidently say that medical school is the one graduate school that is actually worse than having a real job.
Benefit: Nurses.
Drawbacks: Did I mention the bloody, bulbous tumors? And then there's the small detail of not making a lick of money until about four years *after* you graduate—with something like a quarter of a million dollars of debt.

Law school: Ah, law school—the real world's compost heap. At a recent college stand-up gig, I poked fun at students who were taking the LSATs. A girl who was studying for the exam actually got up and walked out, thereby proving my point. At the end of the day, if you really have no idea what you want to do with your life, and you're looking for some like-minded individuals with whom to share your insecurity and ambivalence, then law school is for you. Keep in mind, you will actually be studying law. (A fact, it seems, that many people taking the LSATs tend to overlook.)
Benefits: It's three years long, but you really only have to try during your first year. Once you get a summer internship, you can parlay that into a full-time job and pretty much coast the rest of the way.
Drawbacks: That full-time job will involve practicing law. However, of the Big Three types of grad schools I have mentioned, law school definitely has the most attractive women. And isn't that what's most important here?

I hope my inside tidbits about graduate schools have helped you out. Though, if you are the type of person who is considering grad school, no doubt you have trouble making decisions and this column has left you even more scared and confused. In which case, my work here is done. As always, if you have any questions you'd like me to address in a succinct and witty fashion, send 'em to karo@penthouse.com.

"Why bother interviewing for a job anyway? Have you considered the alternative? It's called grad school, or, as I like to call it, 'Diet Life.' "

Dear Karo:
How do you get two girls into bed at the same time? I've heard all kinds of tips, but how do you *really* do it?
I'll be honest—I've never had a threesome. Furthermore, I can't think of one friend of mine who has. I think the prevalence of threesomes has been vastly overblown (not least to blame is the very magazine you're reading). I have a hard enough time getting one chick into bed, let alone two. And who wants to hook up with both me and another girl? A threesome with two hot girls is pretty much a myth, unless you're a rock star or former president. However, if advice-column-writing comedians ever get added to that elite group, you'll be the first to know.

PEEK INSIDE

Sweet Carolina

The Spartanburg Penthouse Club has sizzling entertainment, a sports bar, and hot-tub suites. What more could you ask for?

People drive thousands of miles to see South Carolina's famous Blue Ridge Mountains. Here's a travel secret: The real scenery is found in the foothills, where the Spartanburg Penthouse Club is redefining the gentlemen's club.

For starters, there's the Panther Palace Sports Bar. Why strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of the game when you can chill in a plush lounge with armchairs and overhead TVs? Beer, wine, and mixed drinks are available, and there's good news for guys who hate blowing their wad (of cash, we mean) on alcohol: The club is also BYOB, so feel free to bring in your six-pack of Steel Reserve and save your money for the hot-tub suites.

That's right, the hot-tub suites. Can you think of anything better than sharing a steamy soak with your favorite entertainer? There's a reason reality-show producers plant a tub in the middle of almost every set: They never fail to inspire a romantic romp! Check out a preview of the action at PenthouseSpartanburg.com.

Even after you've toweled off, there's plenty to see and do. The club boasts three stages of entertainment, monthly Pet appearances, and loads of specials. Monday night is Sin Night, with $2 off admission; Tuesday is Couples Night, with escorted ladies getting half-price admission; Wednesday is Amateur Night; Thursday is Lingerie Night; Saturday is the Beer Bash; and football is the name of the game on Sundays and Mondays. Your best bet? Just stay the whole week.

In the area? Check out the club voted No. 1 in the Southeast by *Exotic Dancer Magazine*. With captivating girls and wild parties, it's easy to see how it earned the top spot!

SPARTANBURG

PENTHOUSE DANCER OF THE MONTH: MADISON

MORE SPARTANBURG FAVORITES:

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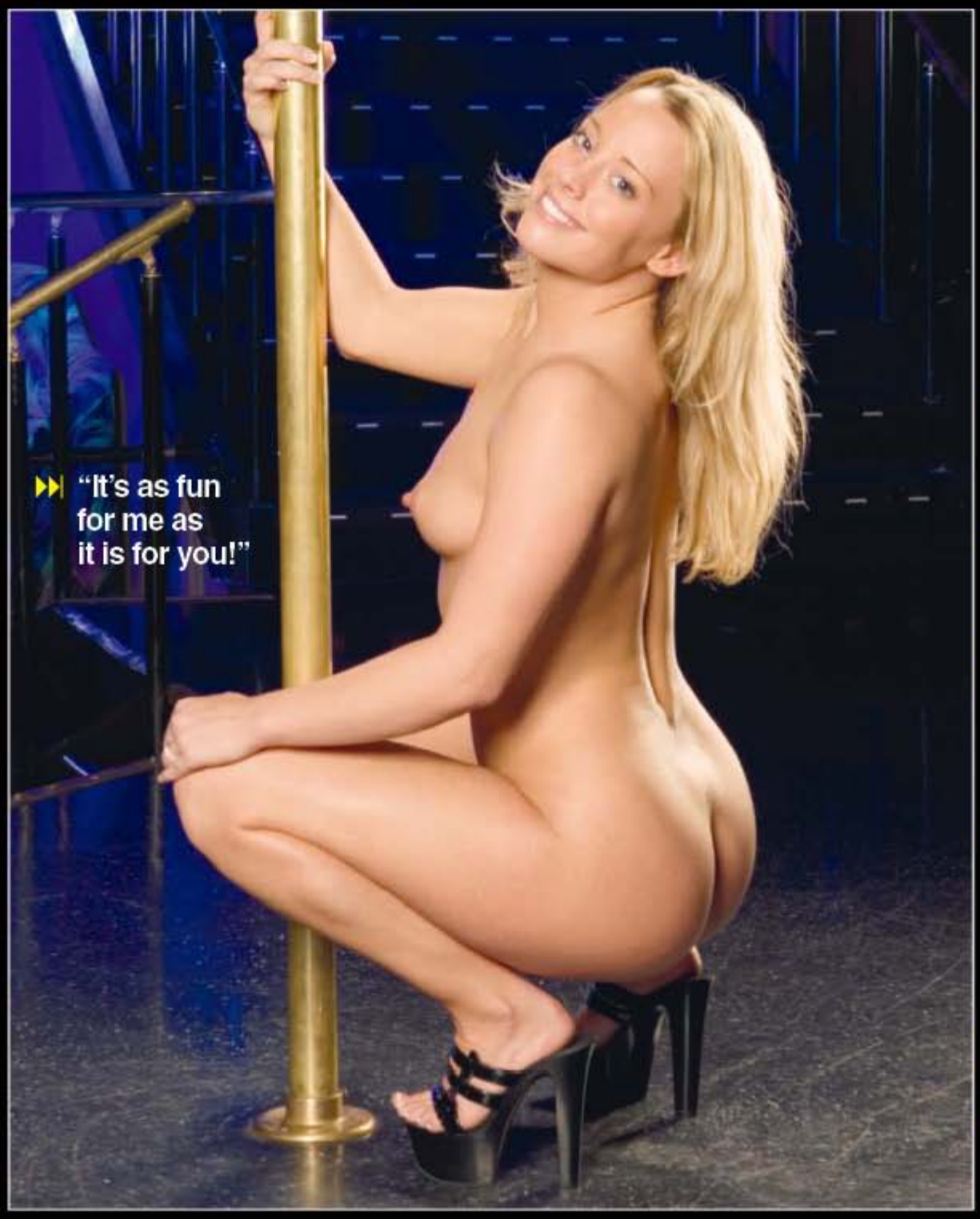
A man who can dance

MYA
Loves:
Men who cook for me!

ALAZAE
Loves:
Picnics under a full moon



"It's as fun for me as it is for you!"

GET TO KNOW MADISON

Turn-ons: A smart man. Intelligence is so sexy! **Turnoffs:** A guy who can't hold a conversation **My ideal man is:** tall, smart, handsome, and knows how to have fun. **My ideal date is:** a night full of wine, flowers, and really good food. Need I say more? **Best thing about the Spartanburg club:** All the great people I meet here.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

DENVER:

February 4
Amateur Centerfold Search

February 10
Meet the Pet

February 16
Miss Nude Rocky Mountain Prelim

PHOENIX:

February 4
Penthouse Poker Run

February 8
Amateur Centerfold Search

February 11
Valentine Couples Party/Meet the Pet

February 23
Showgirl Superfights II.

ST. LOUIS:

February 1
Centerfold Search

February 9
Meet the Pet

February 20
Cigar Soiree

MEET PET OF THE YEAR JAMIE LYNN!

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February 15

Dallas
February 16

Myrtle Beach
February 17

Spartanburg
February 18

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By Eric Danville

THE ASIAN INVASION

Azn Ultra Idols!
(Madness Pictures) ★★★

Director David Aaron Clark's admiration of Asian women in the adult-film industry has garnered him several Adult Video News awards—and for good reason. He doesn't have the typical porn director's eye, which depicts Asians as submissive and ultimately diminutive towers of power. On this disc, Clark indulges in a skillful blend of kinky foreplay and hard-core fucking that is seldom breached, even in mainstream Asian/ethnic porn. In one scene, lifestyle domme Mistress Hiroko takes on black and studly Tyler Knight, who lays a mighty fucking on her that strips away her dominant exterior. In another, journeyman Brian Surewood sticks it in the slim and slinky Jade, who is in a leather sling; their anal scene is a keeper. Elsewhere, Mr. Marcus gets double-teamed by Kammy and her special friend, the delicious cover girl Yumi. The action is occasionally slow to start, but once it does, it sizzles like spit on a griddle. Highly recommended.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Camp Cuddly Pines Power Tool Massacre
(Wicked Pictures) ★★★★

This three-disc set pokes some good-natured fun at horror films, borrowing from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Friday the 13th, Halloween,* and *The Toolbox Murders.* In this story, four college kids are on their way to a heavy-metal concert and find themselves lost in the woods after running over a mysterious stranger. As you'd expect from a Wicked film, the sets are great, the story is good, and the acting is actually better than it is in most comparable B-movies. (Then again, Stormy Daniels could read a phone book and I'd be captivated.) You'll be satisfied with ten whopping sex scenes, including a very hot two-couple fuck with Daniels and Jessica Drake. Manuel Ferrara takes on four women in an insane asylum. Voodoo bangs Nicole Sheridan in a scene inspired by *The Ring*. Randy Spears (playing the obligatory smarmy cop) fucks Devon Michaels outdoors.

The two remaining discs include loads of extras: a "making-of" documentary, bloopers, a trivia game, bonus sex scenes, and the "Stormy Bangs Betty" cartoon. The flick's greatest feature is the irony that, for once, the sex in a slasher flick is played up and the gore is played down. One for the collection.

TITS AND ASHTON

The Best of Juli Ashton
(Danni.com) ★★★

While definitely a fan favorite, Juli Ashton was always underappreciated, so it's nice to see her get her due. This compilation disc highlights her career, focusing on girl-girl scenes that are full of enough variations to keep most men very happy indeed. Ashton gets it on, in many combinations, with Keri Windsor and Inari Vachs (great scene if you like sex toys). She also gets down and dirty with the tall and lanky Vicca and the always-perky Alexandra Silk. We had a particularly good time checking out Ashton's scene with Brittany Andrews, who looks stunning in full-on, dominant-bitch mode. Ashton's exercise in pussy worship is killer, and is more than matched in intensity when Andrews returns the favor with a spanking and dildo-fucking. The disc fizzles out when it comes to extras, which consist of a four-minute slideshow, but otherwise it's a good show.

Advertisement

Steffanie Seaver, noted researcher and columnist, focuses on health and sexuality issues affecting today's men and women.

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*See Reader's Note

Ask The Expert

"HUNG" JURY?

SEX: How To Improve. Increase. ENJOY.

Q: *Dear Steffanie,*

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you, and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life…repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm™. I just didn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, harder, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

Maxoderm is the only all-natural, fast-acting topical lotion designed to instantly enhance erection quality and firmness, while intensifying our orgasms for the ultimate sexual experience. Don't be fooled by the companies selling those "miracle" sex pills claiming to enhance size 3 - 4 inches. As little as 5% of the pill actually makes it into your system. To my intimate knowledge, Maxoderm's targeted delivery system immediately and effectively reaches the desired area directly upon application, maximizing absorption, resulting in a performance to be proud of each and every time. I am a huge (and grateful) fan of Maxoderm. And, trust me, I know my fiancé is too!

I'm not sure if Maxoderm is available in stores yet but you can check it out by calling **1.800.216.8054** or going to **www.maxoderm.com**. I know they offer RISK FREE TRIALS and even give a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** with your order. Oh and best of all, Maxoderm is backed by a 90 Day Money Back Guarantee. You can't beat that!

Delightfully Yours,

Steffanie Seaver

Steffanie Seaver

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*See Reader's Note

READERS NOTE
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—John R. MacKenzie, Executive Vice-President, Barmensen Labs

NEW YORK CITY

The Radio Chick Show

Martina Warren (POY '05), Jamie Lynn (POY '06), and Ginger Jolie (September '04) play topless Stupid Pet Tricks on "The Radio Chick Show."

Getting Sirius

While Martina Warren, Jamie Lynn, and Ginger Jolie were in town promoting the Pet of the Year DVD, they spent a few days at Sirius Satellite Radio hitting some of the best shows. The girls did Stupid Pet Tricks on "The Radio Chick Show," made a shy intern's week on "Derek and Romaine," talked dirty for Bubba the Love Sponge, and enjoyed stoner speak on "Contact High." They also gave the men a run for their money on "Da Fellas," made wisecracks with Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore and the rest of the Wiseguy mob, and made a Sirius love connection with Phil Iazzetta, the host of Raw Dog Comedy's "Getting Late." "I've been in love with Ginger Jolie since she appeared in *Penthouse*," said the smitten Iazzetta. "She's my future wife."

Raw Dog Comedy

Ginger gets cozy with her No. 1 admirer, Phil Iazzetta.

Da Fellas

The Pets and those lucky Fellas hang out in the studio.

Contact High

Bobby Black catches a major buzz surrounded by *Penthouse* beauties.

The Wiseguy Show

Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore knows the *Penthouse* shirt is a total babe magnet.

Derek and Romaine

Radio host Romaine Patterson may be the luckiest lesbian in the world.

LAS VEGAS

Loving Our Lingerie

Martina Warren, Ginger Jolie, and Courtney Taylor (POY Runner-Up '04) slipped into something racy for the Penthouse Lingerie launch party at Las Vegas's VooDoo Lounge. The sexy skivvies were designed exclusively for *Penthouse* by Coquette. "This is obviously something that's near and dear to our hearts—seductive clothes and naughty little outfits," said Ginger. Coquette's public relations director, Jennifer Jean, was just as enthusiastic. "I love all of the Pets in Coquette lingerie, but I have to admit Martina is our favorite. She's beautiful inside and out, and she completely shines." To order, go to Coquette.com or PenthouseLingerie.com.

NEW YORK CITY

Puppy Love

"We're big animal lovers at *Penthouse,* and we want to do everything we can to help them," **Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok** told reporters at the Pets for Pets fundraiser at the New York club Neogaea. Teaming up with nonprofit organization Animal Haven, the smart and sexy Victoria and *Penthouse* newcomer **Renee Diaz** (November '05) raised $3,000 for abandoned dogs and cats in New Orleans. A few sweet pooches were adopted in the process. For more information on how you can help our four-legged friends, go to AnimalHavenShelter.org. We'd like to thank our wonderful sponsors, Mellow Mutts and Iceberg Vodka. And many thanks to Chuck Nice from VH1's *Best Week Ever* and "The Radio Chick Show" for being a terrific host and great friend to *Penthouse.*

NEW YORK CITY

Dinner at Robert's

The Penthouse Executive Club in New York City isn't only home to hot girls and great music—it's also the spot for delicious dining at Robert's Steakhouse. So when **Sunny Leone** (POY '03) and **Ginger Jolie** (September '04) came to Manhattan for our Ron Artest photo shoot, they stopped at Robert's to eat, drink, and be merry. They had some sexy company at their dinner table: Pet of the Year '05 Runner-Up **Sophia Santi,** formerly known as Natalia Cruze. "I'm ready to build a new name, and I'm confident the *Penthouse* fans will find me," she says. We don't doubt it. See more of Sophia at DigitalPlayground.com.

WANNA PARTY WITH PENTHOUSE PETS?

Log on to Penthouse.com to find the latest event in your area, or tell us where you think we should go next. Send suggestions to: *Penthouse* magazine, c/o Promotions Department, 2 Penn Plaza, Eleventh Floor, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121, and we may drop by sooner than you think.

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Never Say Never

All day I had been feeling a little horny, but with my husband away on a weekend fishing trip, I was left to tend to my own needs. When I checked the time, I realized my friend Lauren would be arriving any minute to pick me up. We'd made plans to go to a bar, so playtime would have to wait until later.

The drinks only added fuel to the fire, and I knew I'd have to make it an early night. I told Lauren about my "problem" and what I planned to do about it when I got home. Lauren was always excited to try new things, so I wasn't entirely surprised when she asked if she could join me. Why not? We finished our drinks and went back to my place. Lauren selected one of the dildos from my dresser drawer, and I grabbed a vibrator. Then we stripped down to our bras and panties, and I put on a porno tape for us to watch.

Fifteen minutes into the video, our bras came off and we started watching each other squeeze our breasts and pinch our stiff nipples. Lauren has a great pair of tits, with incredibly large, dark-brown nipples. As I watched her kneading those big nipples through her fingers, I slipped my fingers inside my already-wet panties.

Lauren slid over next to me and told me to take off my panties. She said she wanted to see me touch myself. I slowly slid down my panties and watched the excitement in Lauren's eyes as I licked my fingers and rubbed them back and forth over my throbbing clit before sliding them inside my sopping-wet pussy.

"God, Pam. Watching you finger yourself and hearing how wet you are is making me so hot!" Lauren said. Then she pulled off her own panties and plunged two fingers inside her pussy. Lauren moaned, spread her legs wide, and began thrusting her fingers hard and deep. "Oh, I'm coming!" Lauren cried out as I took in the amazing sight of her climax spilling onto her hand.

Lauren told me to straddle her. When I did, she pulled my pussy tight to her mouth and began eating me out. The entire time I cried out how good it felt having her suck me off, and that I couldn't wait to come inside her mouth. When I finally went over the edge, I had one of the most intense orgasms of my life. After that we got into a sixty-nine and licked and sucked each other's cunt. The next 20 minutes were nothing short of incredible. My first time with another woman was truly amazing.

Lauren stayed with me the rest of the night. As beautiful as the experience was, we agreed it was far too risky for us to repeat and promised each other that we would never do it again. We kept that promise for exactly one week!—*P.A., Minnesota*

"Fifteen minutes into the video, our bras came off and we started watching each other squeeze our breasts and pinch our stiff nipples."

Feeling the Heat

I had just started a new job in fashion merchandising and needed to be brought up to speed on the company's procedures. My first meeting was with the accountant to review financials for the spring line, and the only time he had available was after regular working hours. As a new staff member, I did as I was told. Not that I minded—he was the hottest-looking number cruncher I had ever seen. He was tall, dark, and built for sex.

I arrived at his office at 6 P.M. with my files. He asked if I was ready to get down to business. I thought about that for a moment and felt myself getting wet. I imagined what it would be like to have him inside me, and my pussy began to throb. I tried to put a stop to these thoughts, but every time he moved close to show me a notation in a file or on a spreadsheet, I just got hotter and wetter.

We walked into the showroom to take a look at the new collection. Then he asked me to try on a blouse. There was no room for me to change and no one else was around, so turning my back to him, I took off my top and started to put on the blouse. And that's when things really started to heat up. He came up behind me and started licking my neck. How could he possibly know that this was one of my extra-sensitive spots? In any case, he was hot, my pussy was dripping, and I wanted him.

I pulled off the blouse and the rest of my clothes. He wasted no time and began toying with my pussy. Then his fingers were inside me, pounding in and out of my hole in a steady rhythm. I lay flat on my back with my legs wide open, impatiently waiting for him to fuck me. He spread my legs even wider, and I felt his tongue darting in and out. I was moaning and trembling, completely out of control.

"Where do you want me—in your mouth or in your pussy?" he whispered.

"I want you every way I can have you," I cried as I wantonly thrust my pussy at him. I couldn't take any more of his teasing.

With that, he drilled his tongue into me again. It felt fantastic, but I wanted that cock. When I reached out to feel how hard and big it was, I found this enormous penis ready and waiting for me. I was moaning, screaming for his cock. I begged him to fuck me. He pulled me up and positioned me so I was on all fours, with my ass pointing up toward the ceiling. My juices were dripping down my thighs, and the few seconds it took before he entered me seemed like an eternity.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I kept saying. Finally he rammed his cock into me and began pounding my pussy. He was so big and he felt so good inside me that he had me climaxing every second. It turned out that being the new girl at the company could be *very* rewarding.—*R.G., via e-mail*

Home Alone

I was hanging out at home, trying to get some work done, when I decided it was time to take a break and cruise my favorite porn site. Since I was alone, I cranked up the volume. I love hearing the smack of skin against skin, the moans, the groans, and the pleas of "Fuck me now, fuck me harder."

In one clip, the girl was on her back with her legs spread high in the air, while a guy pounded first her pussy, then her ass. In another, the girl was bent over a sofa while the guy first licked her ass, then pounded his cock into it. By this time I was wet and ready for action. I stripped off my shorts and panties, slid to the edge of my chair, and spread my legs. I continued to watch the licking, sucking, and fucking while plunging my fingers into my juicy pussy. With my other hand I began rubbing my clit hard and fast.

As I read Martin's fantasy about "rubbing his rock-hard cock down the crack of my ass, then down my pussy and clit," and "thrusting inside my juicy and oh-so-ready pussy," I felt close to the edge. By this time I was thrusting myself up and off the chair. As Martin "pumped his huge load into me after mercilessly fucking my ass," I came, moaning, groaning, and thrusting against my own hand. Oh, how I love working from home.—*M.R., Maryland*

Lust in L.A.

Diana and I had already agreed that a threesome was the next step in our relationship. When we finally found the right partner, we arranged a dinner meeting at a four-star hotel. We made sure we had a corner booth in the restaurant. My wife sat next to me, rubbing my already-hard cock—*and* massaging our new friend Jason's cock under the table. I rubbed her hot pussy often during the entire meal.

We finished our dinner and drinks, then took the elevator up to our suite. Diana stood between Jason and me. Her hands were on our cocks, rubbing and stroking our erections.

We had another round of drinks in the suite before Diana left the room and returned in a new lacy negligee, then led us to the bedroom. Jason and I positioned Diana between us on the king-size bed. Jason moved over to French-kiss her, and I began sucking on her neck. Jason pulled down one strap of her negligee, and I took care of the other. Together we fondled her beautiful, 42DD breasts. When we began licking and nibbling her sensitive nipples, she began to moan and squirm.

Diana loves having her nipples played with, but she also loves when I go down on her. When I touched her between her legs, she was soaking wet. She reached for my cock again and began struggling with the zipper.

Jason pushed my hand out of the way and continued kissing his way down to her dripping snatch. As soon as he began eating her out, she had her first orgasm. Diana unzipped my pants and exposed my hard cock, then started sucking my hard shaft. All we wanted to do was come over and over. I slowly made my way from her big, hard nipples to her wet, hot, juicy cunt, while Jason made his way to her mouth with his hard cock. Her pussy was dripping—she was ready to get pounded.

"Diana left the room and returned in a new lacy negligee.... Jason moved over to French-kiss her and pulled down one strap."

As I watched Diana take Jason's cock into her mouth, I started lapping up her hot pussy juices. I could not wait to fuck her while she was giving him a blowjob. I started slow, but shifted to a hard thrusting fuck as she sucked his hard rod. Then I moved aside so she could turn around and suck her own juices from my cock while Jason found her wet cunt.

As he started to bang her, she took my rod deep into her mouth. She

sucked me up and down with his every motion, which made it easy for her to slide on my rod. This trading went on for two hours, with each of us getting to fulfill our every desire. Finally, I filled her pussy with my hot come as I watched her suck Jason's cock.

When I withdrew, my cock was soaked with both our juices. Diana turned so she could lick them off again, and Jason started banging her cunt. While she sucked my rod clean, he started fucking her harder, till he blew his wad deep into her sopped pussy. We both kissed her and thanked her for the wonderful, hot sex party. Diana made sure that Jason and I were cleaned off with her mouth before she let us get up from the bed.

This was the first three-way for us, but we agreed it would not be our last. And maybe next time Jason will bring his girlfriend and make it a foursome.—*S.J., California*

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BIRTHDAY BABE

It was my birthday, so around 3 P.M., I met my husband for a drink. We were having a nice time when his cell phone rang. He smiled and told the caller he would be there shortly. When I raised an eyebrow, he just smiled again and said something about arranging my birthday present. He told me he'd meet me at home, insisting I stay for another drink.

"Our lips met for one more lingering kiss before Claire began slowly sliding down my body.... Her hot tongue was all I needed."

I felt, more than saw, someone slip onto the stool next to me. When the bartender placed another drink in front of me, I started to protest, but he nodded at the newcomer. I was in too good a mood to turn down the drink, so I turned and thanked my new friend. "Hi, I'm Claire," the gorgeous woman said with a warm smile. "It looks like you're celebrating something. Hope you don't mind me buying you a drink."

I said, "No, not at all. I'm Denise, and yes, it's my birthday." We talked for a while, more or less feeling each other out. As it turned out, I took a liking to her. I'd noticed right away that Claire was one of those touchy-feely people. Every time she made a point, I felt her hand on my arm, and even on my knee a few times. I was wearing a mini and showing a lot of leg. I hate to admit it, but she was really pushing my buttons.

I was feeling really relaxed and started doing the touchy-feely thing right back. Claire leaned toward me. When I felt her lips close to my ear and her fingers dangerously close to my panties, I froze. "Denise, let's move to one of the corner booths so we can talk without being disturbed," she purred.

Before I could answer, I felt her finger against my silk panties. I should have made a beeline for the door, but instead I picked up my drink and walked to the last booth at the far end of the bar.

Claire slid in next to me and before I could say a word, our lips touched. We started softly sucking each other's tongue. Her hand made its way under my skirt, pushing my panties aside. I almost came when she touched my clit. "Oh yes, make me come, baby. Make me come hard!" I begged. But just as I was about to climax, Claire pulled those wonderful fingers back. "Oh please, Claire, I'm so close. Finish me off, please!" I pleaded.

Instead, our lips met for one more lingering kiss before Claire began slowly sliding down my body. My shirt was open, and when Claire pulled up my bra and sucked my swollen nipple, I gasped so loud I was sure the bartender heard me. But I wanted her lips on my pussy. I pushed Claire down and lifted my ass, and she quickly slipped off my panties. Her hot tongue was all I needed. As soon as she found my clit, I came. "Oh shit, yes!" I cried. Then, realizing what I'd just done, I pulled up my panties and ran for the restroom.

When I got back to the booth, Claire was gone. I felt good, but also a little guilty—until I walked into the house and found Claire and my husband smiling at me. Joe said, "Claire and I just want to wish you a happy birthday!"—*Name and address withheld*

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NEXT PENTHOUSE

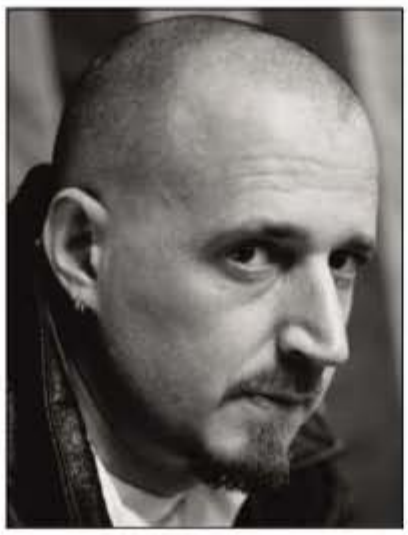
Coming in the March Issue

100 Bullets
What if you could get away with murder? If you had a briefcase with a gun, 100 untraceable bullets, and a score to settle? We ask Brian Azzarello, the Stephen King of graphic novels, who brings his revenge saga, *100 Bullets*, to a climax this summer. He also introduces a sexy Western outlaw story, *Loveless*. We have a first look.

Flicks
Cheating Death: Final Destination 3 is yet another spooky riff on the Grim Reaper's design. *Eight Below* stars Jason Biggs and Paul Walker as Antarctic explorers forced to survive the most brutal weather on earth.

Sounds
Want to throw a rock-star-worthy spring-break party? Take our tips culled from the most successful (and infamous) star-studded soirees of all time. Recover on the beach the next day by reading one of our recommended music books. Plus, as always, we've got the hottest record reviews, from Live to Bubba Sparxxx to the Secret Machines.

Games
After numerous delays, the controversial *25 to Life* will finally reach stores this month. Want to know if it's any good? Find out in "Joystick," plus read reviews of *Black* and *TimeShift*. Check out the debut of our sexy "Video Vixen" column. Then read our



in-depth interview with top game designer American McGee, who talks about his newest title, the disaster comedy *Bad Day L.A.*

Hot Lips
It's been almost four long years since the Flaming Lips released *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*, and their fans were getting desperate. Not to worry—their new CD is in the works. Music scribe Jon Wiederhorn was able to get the quirky band to talk candidly about addiction, life in Oklahoma, and their upcoming album, *At War With the Mystics*—which might be their best yet.

Bar None
Bored by your usual bar soap? No surprise there: Most slabs you find on the supermarket shelf are underwhelming. But a new generation of bar soaps for men are fun *and* functional. "Groom at the Top" features soaps infused with special ingredients—vitamins, vegetable oil, goat's milk, even caffeine and razor blades—that do more than get you clean; they smell and look good, so you do, too.

Cover Me!
They say the clothes make the man, but what happens when you take it all off? Whether you're a boxers or briefs guy, next month's service feature on men's underwear will help you cover your ass with style.

wild, beer-fueled bikini contests on San Padre Island, the spirit industry throws a month-long spring-break party in tons of tropical destinations. We'll give you a map to hot spots and tasty drinks.

Turin 2006
The Olympic flame will be lit on February 10 in Turin, Italy. *Penthouse* brings you a full preview of the festivities, from bobsledding to ice hockey to snowboarding.

March Madness
One of the coolest spectacles in sports, the NCAA men's basketball tournament, tips off next month. In "Gametime," we tab seven players to watch. We'll also provide a look back at the greatest buzzer-beaters and top performers in tournament history.

Drinksmanship
From frozen margarita buffets in Cabo to

Danny Kass
Speaking of snowboarding, see our feature Q&A with U.S. rider Danny Kass. The shredder won silver in the 2002 half-pipe competition, and hopes to upgrade in Turin. Kass is also the highest-profile member of the legendary and hard-partying Grenade crew and a four-time U.S. Open half-pipe champ.